# Mrs. May Agnes Fleming's Most Powerful Romance, Next Week!



Vol. VI.

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No. 289.

### HOW OLD?

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

How old are you?" A child, whose eyes Still hold some hint of Heaven's far skie Some memory of the life they knew Ere earth-life dawned upon their view, Climbed up into my lap to say, How old are you?" this winter day.

ar child, how cas I answer you,
ad make my answer seem most true?
or if I count my life by years,
ad not by sorrow and by tears,
and I am not so old, to-day,
a some whose youth has slipped away.

But, child, if I should count my life by sorrow, and by bitter strife— by tears that fell when dear ones died— by pain of loss, and love denied, th, child, with hair like morning's gold, then I have grown so old!—so old!

#### DEADLY EYE,

# The Unknown Scout

THE BRANDED BROTHERHOOD.

BY BUFFALO BILL, THE CELEBRATED SCOUT, GUIDE, AND HUNTER AUTHOR.

CHAPTER VII.

FOR LIFE AND FOR LOVE. WHEN night settled down upon the emigrant encampment, there were a number of gloomy faces around the impromptu fortifications, and many, both men and women, were sorry that they had ever left their old homes in the Eastern country to seek new ones on the frontier.

Yet, though glowny, and dreading evil, they were none the less determined to defend their lives and families unto the bitter end, and Major Conrad was glad to see that he could depend upon his command as brave

At length the Indians began the attack, and warming to their work, the emigrants grew less despondent, especially after they had several times driven back their red foes with considerable loss, and with no serious result to

But on crept the weary hours of the night, and one of the teamsters, who had once been an old hunter and trapper, crept out of the camp to reconnoiter, and returned with the evil tidings that the Indians had been reinforced by a large band that had just come up

Then followed a long season of quiet, and the emigrants felt assured that their enemies were plotting some scheme of devilment against them, and they longed more than ever-for the return of the Unknown Scout.

Suddenly there was a scene of commotion in the ememy's lines, rapid firing followed, and the emigrants believed that at last Deadly-Eye had returned and was attacking Red Dick and his villainous crew, with the band of Pawnee braves for whom he had gone in

But no! that loud and ringing halloo was not from Indian throats, but the hearty cheer of trained soldiers, and the next moment a dark and rapidly-moving mass was seen approaching, and the stern order was heard: We are friends; open the barrier!"

Clyde! Hurrah! hurrah!" went up from the delighted emigrants, and into the encampment dashed a score of troopers with Captain Percy La Clyde at their head. Warmly were the young officer and his men welcomed, and having listened to the plan of Major Conrad, and stationed his troopers at advantageous positions, the dragoon commander said:

"It is a mere accident I reached you, for after my leaving your train, day before yesterday, on a scout, you changed your course to the southward."

Yes; that traitor guide, Dick-or rather, Red Dick, as he is known in these parts-"What! was your guide the famous Red Dick? Now I know why he always seemed to avoid me," said Captain La Clyde, with sur-

Yes, he was Red Dick, the renegade leader of a band of Dog Soldier Sioux, I believe."
"Yes, they made him chief of their tribe, major; but what an escape you had, for in changing your course he was doubtless leading you into his hornets' nest."

"It is just what he was doing, and would have succeeded, had not my daughter and Howard Talbot been captured by a band of regular Sioux warriors, and rescued by Deadly-Eye, the Unknown Scout, who informed us of the character of our guide.'

"Major Conrad, you surprise me; Miss-Sibyl captured, and also Howard Talbot?" Yes, captain; they had ridden ahead to

look up a camping-ground, and—"
"And were captured by Sioux Indians?"
"Yes; five warriors, and four of them the Unknown Scout killed in rescuing Talbot and

you of the character of Red Dick?" they would have had a knife encounter in of Fort Hays, to serve as an escort to the emi-guard.'



A dark form glided forth from the foliage bordering the trail, and stood directly in the pathway of the horseman.

and an hour after Red Dick returned at the head of his Dog Soldiers."
"And what became of the Scout, major?"

He swam the river, and ran the gantlet of the Indian line most gallantly, that he might seek some friendly Indians and bring them to Bounding down into the ravine, he found a

"Major, I am more and more surprised, for let me tell you that the fellow they call Deadly-Eye does not stand well in military circles as he puts at defiance both officers and sol diers, and some months ago ruthlessly shot down three soldiers who had been sent to arrest him for violating some order. has certainly served you well, and I have heard of a number of his noble deeds, and cannot easily connect them with other acts he is

Stout-hearted as are the men; but come,

we will go and see them, captain."

Leading the way, Major Conrad conducted the young officer toward the large ravine run ning back from the river, and here a motley sight met their gaze, for the women and children were huddled together in the bottom of the gulch, around several bright fires, and fur-ther down were closely packed the horses and young man smiled sweetly, and replied:

the firelight fell full upon him, it displayed his handsome, graceful form, a little under six feet in hight, and compactly built.

His face was exceedingly youthful, beard-less, and the features handsome, the mouth and dark blue eyes indicating courage and deter-

Clad in the uniform of a captain of cavalry, and with his brown curling hair wern long, and a slouch hat and ostrich plume shading his face, Captain Percy La Clyde looked just what he was, a dashing, handsome, daring soldier, generous to a fault, and ever true in both

The only child of wealthy parents, he had broken. preferred to lead a military life to one of idlereer at West Point, had been ordered to the frontier, where he rapidly ascended the ladder promotion on account of his courage and skill as an officer.

Four days before the caravan reached their camp, had not Sibyl interfered, and then the Scout drove the guide from the encampment, settled in their frontier homes, and a most dragged the moments away, until Major Con-

pleasant duty had the young officer found that | rad began to nod with sleep, and feeling anxihe was detailed upon, for he had fallen des-perately in love with Sibyl Conrad, and felt that she was the bright star that was to guide

cordial welcome from all; but a shade swept over his face as he beheld Howard Talbot by he side of the maiden he loved.

Percy La Clyde had watched with jealous eye the regard of his rival for Sibyl, and in spite of the many seeming noble qualities posessed by the young man, and his almost universal popularity, he could not like him, and felt for him a distrust he could not overcome

But then, this might have been on account of his jealous nature, for jealousy always exerts an evil influence upon the person of whom

so did Ruth Whitfield, who had always exhibited a warm regard for the young soldier.

After a few words of comfort and hope to

those around him, Percy La Clyde said: "Well, ladies, we must now leave you, for every man must be at his post," and he looked

cattle belonging to the train.

"So I think, captain, and should the enemy without the seek to enter this ravine, I will defend it with rug, major," laughed Captain La Clyde, and my life, for I am stationed here to watch the

river approach.' You cannot see even the water, sir, from your present position; so I would advise that you do a sentinel's duty, as long as you repre-sent one," and Captain La Clyde turned away, while Howard Talbot's face flushed with ange and Sibyl felt that a storm was brewing, and sigh, she consoled herself with the thought that she could not love everybody that loved her, was not then in the encampment, but whose return she confidently expected, for her faith the promise of he Unknown Scout was un-

Conrad and Captain La Clyde were surprised and startled by the sound of conflict going on in account unless that the Unknown Scout had returned; but after a moment's attention to

Then, all was silent once more, and slowly

ous about the river front, Percy La Clyde cautiously crept there and reconnoitered. At first he believed all quiet and safe, but then his quick eye caught sight of a dark mass upon the water. Closely he watched it, and saw it slowly

moving down upon the point near which he Bounding into the ravine, he startled Howard Talbot, who still remained by the side of

"Be good enough to request Major Conrad to send me thirty men to this point at once;

Howard Talbot was off at once to obey the although he did not like the tone in which the order had been given; still he felt he had been negligent of his duty, and wished to

Ere five minutes had passed the men arrived, headed by Major Conrad, and Captain La

Clyde remarked, quietly:
"We are to be attacked by water, it seems but we have greatly the advantage, so I will only keep my troopers with me, major, and you can return with the remainder of the men. as the attack will doubtless be made at more

Major Conrad and his men returned to their posts, and Captain La Clyde was about to give the order to fire, when all were startled by the discharge of the Branded Brotherhood, which leveled so many of the Dog Sold ers to the Talbot.

'By Heaven! we have friends near, when Unknown Scout, who has kept his word. Ready,

After the order of the young officer, the troopers poured in a rapid fire with their repeating rifles, and Red Dick and his men found themselves under two fires, until, in dismay, they broke and rushed for safety into the river, as soon as the Indian warrior arrived with the news of the massacre of their companions.

Unable to account for the turn in their favor, or why, if friends, they did not make Strange indeed; and he it was who told of the character of Red Dick?"

Yes, he exposed the man publicly, and the it was who told of the character of Red Dick?"

The character of Red Dick?"

Yes, he exposed the man publicly, and ignored the man publicly, and ignored the commandant of the commandant of the commandant of the commandant of the band of our laws. powerful arms, and dragged him back.

It was an Indian warrior, with a broken leg, and otherwise wounded; but, speaking the

Sioux tongue fluently, the captain soon learned from him that Ricardo and his Branded Brotherhood were surrounding their encampment, and the treachery of the outlaw chief toward his red allies was also related.

"Well, it is dog eat dog, that's certain. Now that we have Ricardo and his band to fight, we must indeed defend more than our lives," and Percy La Clyde's brow grew dark with dread, for he well knew the desperate courage of the Branded Brotherhood, and the awful fate that would fall upon poor Sibyl and the others, if taken,

#### CHAPTER VIII.

DEADLY-EYE TO THE RESCUE. FULLY acquainted with the plan of Ricardo, after his treachery to Red Dick, Captain La Clyde went rapidly around the line and quietby told the men whom they were to fight as their foe, and begged them to steel their hearts against any thought of mercy, and to never yield one inch of ground, for the motto of the Branded Brotherhood was that men must die, and beauty and booty be considered lawful

Hardly had the young officer made the circuit, when a dark mass of moving horsemen was seen approaching, and a clear voice

"Well! what would you?" answered Percy La Clyde.
"We have defeated your enemies, and

would warn you that we are friends, that you might not fire upon us," replied the same voice that hailed. "We know no frie ds in the dark; if you

are such as you represent, camp on the river until daylight; if you are enemies, we are ready for you," coolly shouted back Captain La Clyde.

"Charge!" was then yelled forth in the commanding voice of Ricardo, and like a fiery whirlwind the band of outlaw horsemen swept down upon the devoted defenders of the

Percy La Clyde, and a line of flame flashed forth from the wagons, and several of the Brotherhood and their horses went down; but from some cause or other the aim of the emigrants had been untrue, and the outlaws pressed fiercely on, filling the air with their discordant cries, every man yelling in his nafiends from below had burst forth for a gala

"Men, be cool; there are devils upon you now, and your aim must be true; you must kill, or all is lost," rung out in the clear tones of Captain La Clyde and Major Conrad; and Howard Talbot, who had thrown off his air of indifference and nobly come to the front, also encouraged the men with voice and gesture.

Then rolled forth a ceaseless roar of firearms, the heavy rush of iron hoofs was heard, and the confused shouts of many voices filled the air, until it seemed the grove was filled

with a band of devils holding high carnival. But unchecked, and with desperate daring nd determination, the Brotherhood came on until they dashed their horses against the very ine of breastworks, and then their weapons began to tell upon the emigrants, who broke from the fierce fire and fell back, to the horror of Percy La Clyde, who called forth in trumpet voice, "Troopers! rally around your com-mander! Steady now! charge!"

Gallantly the soldiers did rally around their officer, and dashed forward with him to recover the ground lost by the emigrants; but already had Ricardo bounded on horseback over the barrier, and, followed by a dozen of his daring horsemen, dashed at once upon the dismounted troopers, who, in vain attempt to check his mad career, fell beneath the iron hoofs of the outlaws' horses.

"My God! it cannot be that all is lost!" cried Percy La Clyde, in dread, and then, drawing his sword, he shouted: "Troopers, come on! Men, they are but a

handful of murdering thieves; follow me, and drive them back! In vain his gallant example and clear com-

In vain the orders, of Major Conrad, who, in a frenzy, strove to stay the torrent of de-

In vain the conspicuous courage of Howard

Useless the stern discipline and bravery of the troopers; all, all was useless, for from a panic had seized upon the settlers, brave men though they were, fighting for all they held dear on earth; rapidly they gave ground until two-score of the outlaws had secured a footing within the inclosure, and by the light of the waning moon, which made all around visible, Ricardo was forming his men for a desperate and final charge.

Then his clear voice was heard giving his stern orders, but ere they could be obeyed themselves known, Captain La Clyde was about to go outside the fortifications for the purpose turn cold with dread, and then upon the moonlit scene dashed a single horseman, bounding over the barrier and whirling suddenly into

"My God! the Unknown Scout!"

"Deadly-Eye!"

with lightning rapidity the daring horseman, with a revolver in each hand, made his shots halt was made, he was nowhere visible upon ring forth with telling effect.

No! not alone! hark!" cried a voice, and a rolling sound like muffled thunder was heard upon the prairie, and again the wild war-whoop of the Unknown Scout broke forth, and was answered from two-score throats by three hearty cheers.

"The troopers! the troopers!" shouted the outlaws, and hastily they turned to fly, Ricardo, with a bitter curse, first spurring toward the Unknown Scout, who wheeled to meet

But, as if thinking better of his intention, the outlaw chief suddenly checked his pace, and heading his splendid gray for the barrier, took it with a flying leap and disappeared in pursuit of his men.

Instantly Deadly-Eye followed him, and the two were soon lost to sight upon the prairie in the opposite direction to that from which the

cavalry squadron was approaching.

A moment more and they dashed up, headed by Major Belden, one of the senior officers at "Major, I greet you; but though too late to

join in the fun, you have scared off the enemy," and Percy La Clyde stepped forward and addressed Ernest Belden, a soldierlylooking man of forty, with a handsome, but dark, sinister face.

Who were your foes, La Clyde?" asked the 'We have had two sets, major; first the

Dog Soldier Sioux, under that desperado, Red Dick, and then none other than Ricardo and his desperate band."

hard lot indeed, and you have been most fortunate to escape them, and I am glad to see that that reckless Scout told me the truth; but where has he gone?" and the major turned to look for Deadly-Eye. Gone like mad after the outlaw chief; but

will we not give pursuit, major?"
"No, Captain La Clyde, it would be useless and I am now destined upon a raid upon the Sioux villages to the northward; so will leave you as soon as day breaks, which will be

A short while longer the conversation continued, and then Captain La Clyde presented his superior to Major Conrad, and also to the ladies, who approached at that moment, and he could not but mark the start of surprised admiration that the major gave when he be-

held the beauty of Sibyl Conrad. Then followed the melancholy duty of caring for the wounded, and burying the dead, until, when the sun arose, it lighted up a sad scene, and the sound of the living wailing for those dear to them, who had fallen, filled the air.

After a hasty breakfast, Major Belden and his troopers departed, leaving Captain La Clyde, as before, to be an escort to the train. Hardly had the forms of the squadron disappeared over a roll in the prairie, when up dash ed the Unknown Scout, his horse covered with foam, and showing every indication of a hard ride, as did also his rider, for his face was pale

and wore a look of fatigue.

Yet his voice was calm and pleasant, as he replied, in acknowledgment to the cheers that

I thank you, comrades; but I was almost too late, as I had far to ride ere I found aid for you, as the Pawnees had left their huntinggrounds; fortunately I met Major Belden, and he was willing to believe me, and come to your

Dismounting, Deadly-Eye devoted himself to the care of his horse, and then, after par-taking of a hearty breakfast which Sibyl had prepared for him, threw himself down to rest, and at once was lost in deep and refreshing slumber, while Major Conrad and Captain La Clyde set about their arrangements for continuing their way on the following morning, for they were anxious to get settled in the spot that was to be the new home of the emigrants.

### CHAPTER IX

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING AND DISCOVERY. WITH the first glimmer of light in the eastern skies, the settlers were astir, and the bugle call of the troopers pierced through the motte.

The Unknown Scout and Prairie Gull appeared to have fully recovered from their hard trip of the past few days, and Deadly-Eye was ever on hand to render the slightest serv Sibyl, or any one else who desired his kind of-

Between Captain La Clyde and the Unknown Scout a warm friendship had sprung up; for no longer did the young officer appear to have any doubts regarding the noble character of the man whom, in the past, he had both praised and abused

As regarded Sibyl, she certainly exhibited a most kindly interest in the mysterious rover of the prairies, and with bitter sarcasm for lips so sweet, replied to Howard Talbot's derogatory remarks regarding the man who had certainly served them all so well.

But the fact is, Howard Talbot was deeply in love with Sibyl, and noticing that she most kindly regarded the man whose life was a romance and a mystery, he felt that he had a dangerous rival, and was determined not to vield one atom of any claim he held upon the affection of Sibyl Conrad

Then again, Ruth Whitfield exhibited a sudden and marked interest in the unknown praihim, and a shadow would cross her brow whenever Deadly-Eye would turn, with one of his fascinating smiles, and address her lively cousin, for Ruth had a fierce and jealous nature. and could look only unkindly upon one who crossed her path in rivalry.

Thus were matters taking a stormy turn and threatening squally weather for those ed, for Percy La Clyde was jealous of Howard Talbot, who in turn hated the young officer, but was jealous of the Unknown Scout, in whom both Sibvl and Ruth were more deeply interested than they would admit even to their own

At length the sun arose beyond the prairie. and slowly the long train of wagons filed out from the motte, with here and there a party on horseback, and took up their march further on toward the setting sun, leaving behind them, within their narrow beds of clay, those

who had fallen in the battle the night before. At the head of the train rode a small cavalcade, consisting of Deadly-Eye, Percy La Clyde, Major Conrad, and the troopers.

The Unknown Scout was acting as a guide for the emigrants toward a point where, he informed them, was one of the most fertile districts on the plains, well watered, and where a settlement would have every advantage that could be found on the frontier

When Howard Talbot heard Deadly-Eye speak of the point he considered most favorable as a settlement, he instantly remarked that he intended riding on ahead for half a mile. Arming himself thoroughly, and declining Gerald Conrad's offer to accompany him, the young pioneer set off, at first keeping only a Miss Whitfield that I make known to you the

Such were the cries that were heard, as short distance ahead, but gradually drawing

As if fully acquainted with the country, he put his horse at a rapid gallop, and continued on for miles, until a higher roll in the prairie gave him a view of the river through the green

trees of a prairie island. Toward this point he directed his course until he found himself upon a peninsula, made by the river making a grand curve.

On this point of land, entirely surrounded

by water, excepting where it touched the open prairie, had been the home of Alfred Carter, who the night before had been so ruthlessly murdered by the Branded Brotherhood.

A more delightful place could not have been chosen for a settlement, for the point, or peninsula, contained fully five thousand acres of land, of the richest kind of soil, with here and there large timber mottes, and the river bounding it upon three sides, while to the eastward stretched the unbroken prairie for miles, to serve as a luxuriant pasture for

stock. As Howard Talbot rode along the trail leading toward the humble cabin home upon the river-bank, his brow wore a troubled look, and ne glanced nervously around him.

Nearer and nearer he drew toward the cabin, but no lazy wreath of blue smoke curled up above the tree-tops, and all seemed strangely desolate around him.

Presently a dark form glided forth from the foliage bordering the trail, and stood directly in the pathway of the horseman, who suddenly reined his steed back with iron grasp as his eyes fell upon the person.
"Red Bud of the Forest, what do you here

near the lonely home of the pale-face hunter? said Howard Talbot, speaking in the language

"The Red Bud is a free child of the woods she asks not the false pale-face brave whither she can go," haughtily replied the Indian girl.
"The Red Bud turns her eyes with anger
upon me; have I offended her?"

"Yes; the Many-Faces has spoken with false tongue to the Red Bud of the Forest. Ere Many-Faces came to the wigwam of the Red Bud, she sung like a bird in the woods, and her heart was like the silvery river; her sorrows were light, only falling upon her as softly as the autumn leaves kiss the ground. But Many-Faces took away the joy of the Red Bud, and the wind sighs nightly in her heart. The Great Spirit frowns at the child of the woods, and the heart of the Indian maid is breaking, and the snow of winter will rest upon her bosom. Many-Faces has a false tongue, and a false light in his eyes, for he told the Red Bud he loved her; he took her from the wigwam of her people, and then left her alone to die. But the Great Spirit would not let her die then, but when she was worn down with hunger, when her feet would not press the earth, and the enemy of her people, the Sioux, would have danced around scalp, the great white chief, who rides like the prairie whirlwind, and whose eye ever looks death upon his foes, rescued her from her ene-mies and carried her back to her tribe." "Was it the Unknown Scout that saved

our life, girl?" "Red Bud has spoken the truth; her tongue is not crooked; it was the stranger Scout that carried her back to the Pawnee village, and he it was that told her that Many-Faces loved

a maiden here by the running waters."
"Curses on that Scout! Did you come here
to see that maiden?" said Howard Talbot,

"Red Bud has seen the Rose of the Woodland, and told her not to love Many-Faces." "By Heaven, girl, you shall die for that!" cried the now aroused man, and he attempted draw a pistol from his belt; but, ere could do so, Red Bud had unslung a light rifle from her back, and covered him with deadly

"Let not the Many-Faces seek to slay the Pawnee Her heart is broken, but she will not harm the pale-face chief who broke it. him go, and never cross the path of the Forest Red Bud more. Go: the Red Bud bids him

Still holding her aim upon his heart, the look of the brave girl proved she would kill him did he hesitate, and with a bitter Howard Talbot drove the spurs into the flanks of his horse and dashed away, leaving Red Bud watching him until he was out of sight. A rapid ride of five minutes brought How

ard Talbot to the cabin door of Alfred Carter; out oh! what a scene met his gaze! Here and there were scattered numerou pieces of furniture and household effects; the strong door was broken from its hinges, and a scene of desolation was upon all, while blood-

stains were upon the floor and ground There lay the body of the faithful watch dog, who had died at his post, and a few chickens were roaming disconsolately about. But nowhere visible were the occupants of

the cabin, and the face of Howard turned pale with dread, as he quickly followed the trail where some heavy objects had been dragged, and a walk of a few hundred yards brought him to a thicket of small timber upon the river-bank, and there he beheld three new-

"My God! Alfred Carter and all his family gone! No, there are but three graves, and they numbered four.

Yes: Mrs. Carter, Rose, and her brother. lie here, and the father has escaped; or may hap the father lies here, and Rose has bee carried off into captivity. A sad, sad fate poor girl; but yet it were better leath has saved me a world of trouble, for wish not two women as rivals in the same set-Well, it cannot be helped, and now I am free to marry Sibyl Conrad, if that accursed Scout does not stand between us, and

if he does, I must crush him.' With a hard look upon his handsome face. Howard Talbot returned to the cabin, glanced carefully around among the rubbish while, and then mounting his horse, rode rapidly away, and making a wide circuit upon the overtook the wagon-train just as it went into camp for the night, on the edge of

Riding on ahead, the Unknown Scout, accompanied by both Sibyl and Ruth, soon came ipon the deserted and desolate cabin home of Alfred Carter, and with a cry of alarm, Deadly-Eye sprung from his horse and entered the

'All, all gone! In God's name, who has done this foul deed? By the blue heavens above us, I swear that they shall rue this accursed

Never before had the cousins seen Deadly-Eye in any way moved by excitement; but now the look upon his face was terrible, and they almost feared him.

But controlling himself instantly, he said, "Miss Conrad, it is due to both yourself and

deed done here. In this cabin home dwelt a her, and could easily see that she was looking toman by the name of Alfred Carter, and with him his wife, his daughter Rose—a beautiful girl—and his son. They had not an enemy in the world that I knew of; but, see here, what a hellish deed has been committed!"

Following the same trail that Howard Talbot had. Deadly-Eye soon came to the graves, and then, after examining most carefully the tracks and trails around, as well as he could in the dying light of day, he returned with the maidens to the encampment, and held a long conversation with Major Conrad and Captain La Clyde, who just then came up from a scout

"Major Conrad, this is the point I have deemed most favorable for your settlement said Deadly-Eye, at the conclusion of his talk regarding the massacre of the Carter family.
"Here you will have every advantage, and be well protected by the river, as you will see in the morning. And I would advise that you at once set about building a stockade fort and wall across this end of the point, and the river, being wide and deep, will protect you upon the three other sides. In a few days I will return and aid you all in my power; but as soon as the moon rises, I will take the trail of the hellnounds who have brought ruin upon the peace ful family who dwelt here.

The Unknown Scout was as good as his word, for as soon as the moon arose and lighted up the prairie, he left the sleeping camp and struck off over the level plains, slowly fol-lowing the trail of Ricardo and his band, after their deadly crime against poor Alfred Carter. (To be continued—commenced in No. 287.)

# Idaho Tom,

THE YOUNG OUTLAW OF SILVERLAND

The Hunters of the Wild West.

BY OLL COOMES, AUTHOR OF "DAKOTA DAN," "BOWIE-KNIFE BEN," "RED ROB," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII. DANGER AHEAD.

THE sun had just crossed the meridian when five persons appeared on the south-eastern shore of Silver Bay, and, pausing, swept the glassy sheet before them with an admiring, enthusiastic gaze.

They were our young friends—the heroes of the Wolf-Herder's ranch—the Boy Hunters.
"For the first time I behold the wonderful Tahoe!" exclaimed Frank, with a flourish o "Mother av Moses, and isn't she a r'ale

beauty, though?" added Billy Brown, his eyes distending with delight. 'Magnificent-grand!" put in Perry, his whole face beaming with a smile of admira-

"Och, me love! and it's a perfect swate dar lint of a little duck-pond," again gushed the irrepressible William Brady. Over yonder you can see that floating isl-

and of which I have been tellin' you," said Wild Dick. "I see an island, but one would naturally

suppose it was stationary—a natural island."
"There's no wind to move it now, but by -morrow morning, or even by night, it may be rods from where it now is. 'There's something queer as well as roman tic about the island.

'I've always said so, Frank," responded Wild Dick, "but how would you like a row out on the bosom of Tahoe?" "I would like it very much indeed, if we

nly had a canoe, There's an old leaky concern around here a little ways. After awhile we'll take a row in that, for I want to show you something else—the men that inhabit this lake like fish—actually live in the water and walk about upon

the earth." 'Preposterous, Dick," said Frank. "Well, we'll see," was the Boy Hunter'

good-natured response. They moved around the lake-shore until they came to where the canoe, spoken of by Dick, was concealed under some trailing wi lows. It was a crazy old affair, dangerous for more than two to venture out in; but Wild Dick was so anxious to convince Frank of the truth of what he had been telling him, that these two youths at once embarked in craft, leaving the other three to await their

As they glided out upon the deep, yo Caselton became enraptured with the almost ethereal beauty of the element beneath them He leaned over the side of the boat and gazed teadily down into its transparent depths.

"This is grand, glorious, Dick!" he cried, thusiastically. "I have often heard of the learness of Tahoe's waters, but could not ful ly credit the report. Now I find it even more grand than I had anticipated. This lake is a vonderful freak of nature, Dick.

Yes, it is, Frank; but now look out. It was right about here that I seen them critters two weeks ago.

Frank kept a close watch down in the deep Dick paddled hither and thither, all the while working well in toward the floating island which, for the time being, had been forgotten

Suddenly the latter started up with an exclamation of surprise.

"There, by heaven!" he cried.

"See 'em?" was the cool interrogation of

Dick. "I see something as true as I can see at all and, by heavens! it's a man-a living being -walking upon the bottom of the lake. He is dressed in a queer sort of armor.

Wild Dick ceased paddling, and leaning over the side of the boat gazed down into the deep, and there upon the lake saw what

The water at this point was not over twenty feet deep, and so there could be no mistake as to what they saw. Upon the rocky bed of the bay stood a living man, or a creature so nearly resembling a man clad in armor, that the youths felt satisfied that it was a human being possessed of some supernatural power.

whatever it strange creature, emed fully cognizant of the attention it attracted. It stopped, and raising its face upward stared at them with its great, glassy eyes until a feeling of horrible fascination appeared to fix the gaze and hold the tongues of

It was a mystery far beyond the compre hension of the young hunters; and while the sat contemplating the same, a faint call reach ed their ears.

Both started up and involuntarily glanced toward the island. A cry of surprise burst from each one's lips. On the southern extremity they saw a young girl standing, waving a white handkerchief above her head. They were not over a hundred yards from now."

ward them and gesticulating in a manner that

"What does it mean?" Each of the youths asked himself the question while he sat with is eyes fixed upon the female form on the

A fascination about the girl held the youths enchanted. She was dressed in a robe of sky-blue material which contrasted well with her white throat and rosy cheeks. Her long hair hung loose at her back and floated out on the breeze like silken skeins of gossamer.

In one hand she held the handkerchief that

field-glass. Look! you are in danger!" she suddenly cried, in a clear, distinct voice, at the same time pointing away toward the peninsula that nearly separated the bay from the lake.

The boys looked in the direction indicated,

and saw a canoe, with three Indians in it, coming up the strait toward them. It was not over two hundred yards away, and two of the avages were already getting their rifles into position for immediate use.

Dick seized the paddle with a view of putting distance between them and the foe, for the youths had left their rifles in care of their friends, and they were in a manner defense less; but the first stroke was so vigorous that the old paddle was snapped in two, and the boys were left helpless and at the mercy of the approaching enemies; while the wind was driving them nearer and nearer the menacing dan-

"By Jerusalem, Frank! we're in a pickle," and swim for it, or die.

"Shall we make for the island?" "Not by any means, Frank. That girl may be a siren luring us on still deeper into danger under pretense of-"

"I cannot think so, Dick," interrupted Frank. "She looks too much like an angel for that; but, suppose we try to escape ashore, will the foe not head us off?" "The long-ranged rifles of our friends will

cover our retreat.' "Then, go ahead, Dick, and I will follow you, though I perish in the attempt."

Dick sprung overboard and struck boldly out for the shore, swimming on his back. Frank arose to his feet and was about to folow, when a savage rifle rung out sharply over the water. A cry burst from the youth's lips he threw up his hands, and, staggering, fell ackward into the lake-stricken down by a savage bullet!

CHAPTER XIX.

ZOE TO THE RESCUE WILD DICK knew nothing of his friend's mishap. The surge of the water around him as his lithe form cut its way through the element, drowned the report of the savage's rifle, and, supposing that Frank was close behind him, he pushed rapidly on toward the shore.

Frank's friends saw him fall from the canoe but they were not the only ones. The maid upon the island also saw him stricken down. She had seen the paddle snap in two in Dick's hands, and at once read the peril of their situ-To relieve them was her first thought To spring into a canoe moored in a little cove in the side of the island, take up the paddle and send the light craft skimming out into the bay, occupied the brief space of a few mo-

A few vigorous strokes of the paddle carried her alongside of the wounded, struggling youth With an almost superhuman effort, in which she was but slightly aided by the youth himself, she succeeded in dragging him into the canoe, at the imminent peril of upsetting the craft. Then the brave little heroine paddled back to the island, on whose shore she was met by three armed men, whose rifles had covered

Two of the men were middle-aged, while the

third was past fifty.

A look of regret clouded the old man's face,

"Is he dead. Zoe?" he asked. "No, father; I think he is only wounded," replied the maiden, in a tremulous voice, her ves filling with tears.

The two young men lifted the form of the boy from the canoe, and carried him into a ness at the stomach, and a dull, painful dizzitent upon the island. Placing him upon a cot ness of the brain. With some effort he stagthere, they turned and went out "I'm afraid it's all up with him, Hubert,"

one of them said to the old man, whom they Hubert Leland went into the tent, and kneeling by the youth, examined his pulse.

ne searched for his wound. "Is he dead, father?" eagerly inquired Zoe, who stood in the doorway, breathlessly awaiting her father's decision

Dead?-no, child; far from it. His wound is but a mere scratch upon the temple. But he is the worse of his struggle in the water. Another minute and he would have been dead by drowning. Daughter, bring me some brandy and a suit of the boys' clothes, and I will soon have him afoot.

With a joyous light beaming upon her face, the bright-eyed Zoe hastened to obey the de-The stimulant was soon brought and administered. The youth was then turned upon his face, and by continual pressure upon the ack and sides, the water was ejected from his ungs. Signs of returning consciousness were

When he had done all he could, Hubert Leland arranged him in a comfortable position and went out to await that result which only time could effect.

Hubert Leland was a man of a naturally grave, yet pleasant demeanor. Tall and comnanding in form, with a calmness in his tone, a strange intelligence in his steel-gray eyes, it was evident that in him great force of character and precision of mind were strongly predominant.

His companions, who answered to the names of Silas Jamison and Theodore Roberts, betrayed by their looks that they were honest,

nd-hearted men "How is he, father?" inquired Zoe, when he "He is being punished for being inquisitive,"

the old man replied, solemnly

"He will live, then?" asked Roberts. "Yes, but he will doubtless suffer. Were he not a boy, I would feel sore toward him. But his youth will excuse him. He is a fine, many-looking fellow, brave and fearless to a fault, dare say. Perhaps we may be able to enlist him in our service, and thereby involve him i our secrets. But our surrounding situation-

"The savages have disappeared, and not a sign of life is visible on the bay or along the shore, father," replied Zoe. "But you can hear firing going on out among the hills to the southward of the bay."

"The red-skins have gone ashore and got into a fight with this boy's friends," said Jamison, "and we may be involved in trouble

"The red heathens know better than to venture within gunshot of us," declared Leland; therefore we might resume our work, boys. And Zoe, you will not fail to keep your watch on all sides. If the youth should recover, he will doubtless be very carious about his situa-

tion. You know your duty, daughter."
"Certainly, father," responded the maiden.
Having thus cautioned his daughter, Hubert Leland and his male friends advanced to the interior of the island and entered a large quadrangular tent whose covering was of heavy

Zoe scanned the surrounding shores, and she had been waving, and in the other a small having made certain that no enemy was in sight, she turned and on tiptoe stole into the tent where Frank Caselton lay. This tent was large and strongly constructed. Of the half-dozen that stood around it upon the island, half hidden beneath vines and bushes, it seemed to be the main dwelling, or sittingroom, of the little party. It was furnished and fitted up with that peculiar air of neat-ness and comfort which only the deft fingers of woman can impart to the arrangements of a household.

In one corner, on a kind of a shelf, were a number of books. A guitar, several pictures and a bouquet of beautiful flowers contributed their sweetness and magical influence to the apartment. In addition to these, a rosewood

clock ticked the hours away. Zoe sat down by the side of the seemingly unconscious youth, and gazed upon his handsome face with a mingled expression of pity and admiration beaming in her soft eyes. She knew no impropriety in going alone into cried Dick. "We've got to jump out of this the tent. She was young and unsophisticated in the ways of the world. Her motives, like her heart, were the purest of the pure. felt an interest in the young stranger which was but the inspiration of a kind and generous soul—the offspring of a heart untrammeled by

care or the weight of human sin. Zoe Leland was a beautiful creature, just budding into womanhood. She was lithe in form, yet molded with all the grace of health and beauty nourished by unalloyed happiness. Her features were of the rarest type of female loveliness, wearing an air of queenly grace and modesty, and at the same time partaking much of her father's force of character and

decision of mind. As before stated, she was dressed in a skyblue robe, girded at the waist with a delicate white ribbon. Her golden hair was gathered back from her brow and temples, and permitted to flow like a silken mass down her back. She wore but a single jewel—a diamond ring of great value and exceeding brilliancy.

Thus appeared Zoe Leland, the Lady of the Isle, as Idaho Tom addressed her—a rare flower, there blooming alone, and "wasting its sweetness on the desert air," as it were. And why?-who can tell?

For a moment or two Zoe lingered by the bedside of the young hunter; then she rose, and going out, seated herself under the shade of a manzanita, where she could command a view of the whole bay, and the surrounding shores.

No sooner, however, was her face turned away from Frank, than the youth's eyes opened and followed the retreating form with a gaze that seemed eager with admiration.

CHAPTER XX.

A RAPID CONVALESCENCE. FRANK CASELTON had revovered conscious-ess before Zoe visited him, but had feigned sleep while she was there-not through any want of honor or true manly spirit, but from that physical impulse which often comp to do things independent of the mind's voli-

Frank felt vexed at his own conduct, but excused himself on the grounds of an excited mind and unsteady nerve.

As soon, however, as Zoe went out, he rose to a sitting posture and gazed around him like one bewildered. He was not a little surprised at the elegance of his surroundings-an eleand refinement. The tick of the clock before him sounded so familiar, so homelike, that it revived vivid thoughts in his mind and forced

a film of moisture to his eyes Still suffering from the effects of his late adventure, he experienced a nauseating sick gered to his feet, and going out of the tent advanced with almost noiseless footstep to-

His shadow falling across the maiden's path caused her to start with a little cry of alarm "Pardon me, fair stranger," he said, apolo-

getically, "for my intrusion—"
"Certainly, sir," she said, recovering herself. "I am greatly surprised, yet pleased, to see that you are recovering so rapidly "I thank you for your kindness," Frank re-conded. "I have some idea of where I now sponded. am. I also have a very indistinct recollection of seeing a canoe with yourself in it, round the island, and of being struck by a bullet that

to the moment I regained consciousness in that pleasant little lodge, is all a blank." "If you will please be seated on that bench, "Frank Caselton, without the Mister," the youth put in, as he seated himself on the rus-

tumbled me over into the lake. The rest, up

tic seat indicated. Zoe then narrated all that transpired after the Indian's almost fatal shot, her whole spirit seeming to flow out in a melody of words Frank listened, enraptured, to the sweet music of her voice; and he found himself at a

loss for words to express his heartfelt thanks for her and her friends' kindness in saving his "Then you alone rescued me from drowning -you, a feeble girl?" Frank remarked.
"Is not a feeble girl as capable of doing good as any one?" was Zoe's reply, a smile rippling

over her fair face. Yes, certainly; but it would seem impossible for you to have dragged as big a fellow as I am, water-soaked at that, out of the lake."

"I did it, nevertheless," was the girl's reply. "Then to you alone I owe my present existence, fair stranger-"Call me Zoe-Zoe Leland," she added.

"Zoe—Leland," repeated Frank, in an abstracted manner; "and you dwell here upon this island, do you, Zoe?"
"I am here, Mr. Caselton," was the evasive

response of the maiden. Your father then is a hunter?" "His business, I hope, is a legitimate one," she again responded, in that same manner which precluded further questioning on that

"Well, this is a paradise of a place, Miss Leland. This transparent lake, reflecting all the glories of heaven, and the majestic mountain, is one of nature's sublime beauties. Why it is so clear. I can form no idea, unless it is

Zoe looked quickly up with the slightest tinge of surprise visible on her face.

# MARURONY ROUBINALIS-E----

glancing out over the lake and along the A minute of silence followed, then Frank

'I do wonder if my friend escaped ashore?" "I think he did. I heard a sharp firing go ing on over yonder among the hills soon after landed with you here, and I presume your friends, of whom I know there are four or five, were engaged with the enemy. If I could only get ashore, I would hunt

them up, and intrude no longer upon your hospitality," the youth said, thoughtfully

"I am sure, Frank Caselton, your presence here is not obtrusive. Rest assured of being among friends.

Frank's heart gave a great bound and a feeling, far stronger than admiration, arose in his heart for the beautiful maiden. And Zoe must have noticed it in his clear, brown eyes, for her long silken lashes drooped shyly as she toyed thoughtlessly with a leaf plucked from the bush whose graceful soughs protected her from the sun's hot tide.

Frank had construed her words of kind assurance into a modest invitation to remain upon He flattered himself that she felt the island.

pleased with his company.

The two lingered an hour or more under the cool shade of the manzanita, then Zoe arose and tripped lightly as a happy school-girl away to her tent.

Frank arose and sauntered leisurely about the island, noting the peculiar construction of the floating mass.

The island must have been about eighty feet long by half that number in breadth. narrow channel or cove cut the whole half-across its width. It was about ten feet wide, and had evidently been intended as a kind of a harbor for the protection of canoes, as several light crafts were resting therein.

The foundation of the island was of logs fastened securely together. These were cov-ered with a layer of the rich, alluvial deposits of soil taken from the adjacent valley; and in this was growing a perfect forest of shrubbery transplanted there by the hand of man. Aquatic plants and vines had been planted around the edge of the island, and now trailed their green festoonery in the crystal waves. Here and there was a framework of poles, or a tent embowered with a fleece of wild ivy or cucumber. Flowers of the brightest hue and sweetest fragrance flourished under the culture of the lovely Zoe's hand. Altogether it was an island that rivaled in beauty the famed flower-covered chinampas which adorned the Mexican lakes in the days of the Aztec empire or the floating gardens of the lake of Cash-

Frank did not allow his curiosity to lead into impertinent inquiry in his stroll about the little spot. He regarded each object with but a passing indifference. There was one large, square tent, however, that he came to regard with some inward curiosity. It was carefully closed all around, but, for the fact that he caught the sound of plashing water within it, and saw the dim outlines of a man through the walls, he would have thought nothing

strange about it. In walking around, Frank passed another tent in which were a number of rifles and other weapons of defense. In still another were a small "emigrant stove" and cooking utensils. There was another tent upon a slight elevation surrounded with brushwood and vines, which granded the approach to the This was evidently a secret apartment

The inhabitants of the island appeared to be well provided against the contingency of a siege, and yet betrayed an indifference that was not consistent with their surrounding

dangers. An hour before sunset the three men came out of the large, square tent, their faces wearing a look of care and anxiety. They were surprised to see Frank out, yet listened with apparent joy to the youth's own story of his

Zoe, who announced supper ready. Frank was invited to the board of the island-

ers, and accepted the invitation.

Hubert Leland asked the blessing when they had all gathered around the board. The deep, nn earnestness in his full, strong voice, ap pealed directly to Frank's young heart, and plunged him still deeper in mental speculation as to the avocation of these people.

After supper, the evening, until bed-time, conversation; but the men were so guarded in their remarks that Frank could not gain the slightest clue to the mystery in which their secluded life involved them.

At length he was assigned a couch in an unoccupied tent, adjacent to the large one occupied by the three men during the day. He had lain long enough to wear out any ordinary wakefulness, but the fate of his companions and the bright eyes of the lovely Zoe, kept his mind busy, and banished sleep. He was suddenly started by a sharp, metal-

lic clicking in the large tent near. to a sitting posture and listened. The clicking s continued. It was that of a telegraphic battery! Frank knew this, for, as before stated, he was an operator himself by occupation. The youth strained every nerve in his effort to read the sound. But the sound suddenly

ceased; still Frank waited in hopes it would be resumed. And it was. Frank caught every click of the instrument, and this is what h

"Friends, look out—the country is full of Mo look's devils, red and white. Also a band of Boy Hunters is trying to probe the mystery of the float ing island, and are now skulking around the lake.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 284.)

## Victoria:

THE HEIRESS OF CASTLE CLIFFE.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING, AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AWFUL MYSTERY," "THE RIVAL BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX. THE SENTENCE

Ar day-dawn the next morning Cliftonlea was all bustle and stir; and at ten o'clock the court-house was a perfect jam. There were troops of people down from London, who all knew the Shirleys; swarms of newspaper-reporters, note-book and pencil in hand, not to speak of half the county besides. The gallery was filled with ladies, and among them glided in one in a long, shrouding mantle, and wearing a thick vail; but people knew the white ce of Margaret Shirley, despite any disguise The colonel was there, and so was Sir Roland, malgre his gout; and so was Joe, the gamelooking scared beyond everything, and full of the vague notion that he stood in as much danger of hanging, himself, trees by the roots, blew off tall steeples, and morrow morning!

all scared; he sat in the dock as he had sat in chimney-pots, and demolishing frailer build-his cell the day before, pale, quiet, and perfectings altogether. A terrible night down there y calm, scanning the crowd with his dauntless black eyes, and meeting the gaze of all known and unknown with the stoicism of an Indian at the stake. Some of the reporters began sketching his face in their note-books. Tom saw it, and smiled; and the crowd set him down as a cool hand, and a guilty one. Very few present had any doubt of his guilt; the facts that had come out of the inquest were strong against him; and there was nobody else, apparently, in the world who had the least in-terest in the death of the murdered man. All knew by that time how everything stood-how nfatuated he had been with the young lady, and how madly jealous he was of the accepte lover. And everybody knew, too, what jealousy will make, and has made, the best of men do, from King David down; and Tom's hasty and violent temper was notorious, Worst of all, he refused to give any account of imself whatever; for the simple fact that he had no account to give that would not involve Vivia's name; and the tortures of a martyr would not have drawn that from him in a crowded court-room. After the scene in the starlight under the chestnuts, he had fled from the place, and haunted Cliftonlea like a lost spirit. On the bridal-night an insane impulse drew him back again with a relentless hand, and he had wandered up and down among the trees almost beside himself, but wholly unable

Tom could not very well have told his pitiable tale of love-sickness and insanity to a grim judge and jury; so he just held his tongue, resolved to let things take their course,

almost indifferent to the issue. Things did take their course. They always do, where these two inexorable fates, Time and Law, are in question. The case was opened in a brilliant speech by the counsel for the crown, that told hard on the prisoner, and then the witnessess were called. Joe came in requisition, and so did Mr. Sweet's Elizabeth; and it would be hard to say which of the two was the most terrified, or which cried the most before they were sent down. Mr. Sweet had to give evidence, so had Colonel Shirley, so had Sir Roland, so had the doctor, so had the game keeper, so had a number of other people, whom would think had nothing to do with it. And at three o'clock the court adjourned, leaving things pretty much as they were be fore; the prisoner was remanded back to his cell; the mob went home to their dinners, and to assert, confidently, that before long there would be an execution in Cliftonlea.

The trial lasted three days; and with each assing one the interest grew deeper, and the case more and more hopeless. Every day the crowd in and around the court-house grew more dense; and always the first on the ground was the shrinking figure of the vailed lady. But on the third, just as the case was drawing to a final close, something happened that settled the last doubt in the minds of the jury, if such a thing as a doubt had ever rested there. woman had made her way through the crowd by dint of sharp elbows and sharper tongue and had taken her place on the witness-stand in a very determined and excited state of The young woman was Jeannette, who had followed her young lady to France, and had evidently just come back from that delightful land; and on informing them she had taken a long journey to give important evidence, she was sworn, and asked what she had

Jeannette had a good deal to say, chiefly in parenthesis, with a strong French accent, a great many Mon Dieus, and no punctuation marks to speak of. It appeared, however, when the evidence was shorn of all French embellishment, that on the night the deceased had returned from London (a couple of days before the one fixed for the wedding,) Mis Vivia had been wandering alone in the park where she was suddenly joined by the prison er. She, Jeannette, had followed her young speedy recovery, and at once entered into a lady out to warn her against night-dews, when, hearing a loud and angry voice, she halted. hearing a loud and angry voice, she halted, discreetly, at a distance, with the true instinct of her class, to listen. There she had over heard the prisoner making very loud and hon-est protestations of love to Miss Shirley; and when rejected, and assured by her she marry none but Mr. Cliffe, he had flown out in such a way, that she, Jeannette, was scared pretty nearly into fits, and she was perfectly sure she had heard him threaten to murder the bridegroom elect. Mademoiselle Jeannette further informed her audience that, believing the prisoner guilty, her conscience would no let her keep the matter secret, and it had sent her across the Channel, in spite of sea-sickness unknown to her young lady, to unburden her mind. It was hard evidence against the prisoner: and though mademoiselle underwent galling cross-examination, her testimony could not be shaken, though it left her, as it well might, in a very wild and hysterical state of mind at its close. Colonel Shirley, standing near Tom, stooped down in dismay, and whis-

'Have you anything to say to all this?"

"Nothing; it is perfectly true." "Then your case is hopel

"It has been hopeless all along!" said Tom, quietly, as Mademoiselle Jeannette descended, quite out of herself with the cross-examination she had undergone

There was nothing more to be done. evidence was summed up in one mighty mass against the prisoner, and the jury retired to find a verdict. It was not hard to find. five minutes they were back, and the swaying and murmuring of the crowd subsided into an awful hush of expectation as the foreman

"Gentlemen of the jury, is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty of the felony with which he is charged?"

And solemnly the answer came, what every body knew it would be: Guilty! my lord."

The judge arose with his black cap on his head. His address to the prisoner was eloquent and touching, and the crowd seemed to hush their very heart-beating to lister There were tears in his eyes before he had done, and his voice was tremulous as he wound up with the usual ghastly formula.

Your sentence is, that you be taken hence to the place from whence you came, from thence to the place of execution, to be hung by the neck till dead, and may God have mercy on your soul!

He sat down, but the same dead silence reigned still. It was broken at last by a sound common enough at such times—a vailed lady in the gallery had fallen forward in a dead swoon.

> CHAPTER XXXI. THE TURN OF THE WHEEL.

Ir was a wild night on the Sussex coast. north wind roared over the Channel-a terrible north wind, that shrieked and raved, and lashed the waves into white fury; that tore up

"It is very beautiful," she finally remarked, as the prisoner. The prisoner did not look at filled the air with a sharp shower of tiles and on the coast—a terrible night for the ships at sea—a night that had everything its own way, and defied the hardiest of wayfarers to ver ture out. Great sheets of lurid lightning flash ed incessantly; great shocks of thunder pealed overhead, shaking sky, and earth, and sea to their very foundations. A terrible night in Cliftonlea—the oldest inhabitant had never renembered anything like it. Very few thought of going to bed—a gentleman had come preaching there shortly before, with the important information that the end of the world was at hand; and all Cliftonlea, particularly the fairer portion, believing that it had come on this particular night, resolved to appear with their lothes on. A terrible night in Lower Cliffe, where nobody thought of going to bed at all; for the dreadful roaring of the storm and the cannonading of the rising sea on the shore semed to threaten entire destruction to the little village before morning. A terrible night within the park, where tall trees of a century's growth were torn up and flung aside like straws; where the rooks were cawing and screeching in their nests; where the peacocks were hidden away in their houses, the swans in their sheds, and the roses in the parterres were stripped and beaten to the dust. A terrible night, even within the strong walls of the old castle, where the great kitchen, and the servants' hall, and butler's pantry, and the house-keeper's-room were filled with terrified footmen and housemaids; where Lady Agnes shivered as she listened to it in the ghostly solitude of her own room; where Margaret woke up, cow-ering and shuddering from the stupor in which she lay, and covered her eyes from the light-ning, and wondered how he bore it in his prison-cell. He, sitting reading by the light of a flaring tallow candle, in a little gold and pur-ple book, lifted his pale and quiet face, and listened to it much more calmly than any of them. Much more calmly than Colonel Shirley, pacing up and down in his own room, as the midnight hour was striking, like an uneasy ghost. It was a splendid room-splendid in green velvet and malachite, with walnut paneling and wainscoting, the furniture of massive mahogany, upholstered in green billiard-cloth, and the bed-hangings of green velvet and white satin. The same sober tints of green and brown were repeated in the medallion carpet; a buhl clock ticked on the carved walnut mantel, and over it a bright portrait of Vivia looked down and smiled. There was a small armory on one side, full of Damascus swords, daggers and poniards, pistols and muskets, eel spears, bows and arrows and riding-whips, all flashing in the light of a bright wood fire burning on the marble hearth; for, though the month was August, these grand, vast old rooms were always chilly, and on this tempestuous night particularly so. A round table, on which burned two wax candles, was drawn up before the fire, and covered over with led gers, check-books and packages of fresher-look ing documents tied up with red tape. A green cushioned arm-chair stood on either side of the table; and though they were empty now, they had not been a couple of hours previously. the first train to-morrow morning Colonel Shirley was leaving Cliftonlea, perhaps forever, and going where glory led him, and so on and he and Mr. Sweet had had a very busy afternoon and evening in settling the complicated accounts of the estate. They had finish ed about ten; and Mr. Sweet had gone home, despite the rising storm which was now at its hight; and ever since the colonel had been walking up and down, up and down, anxiously impatient for the morning that was to see him It was the evening that had concluded Tom Shirley's trial; and he, too, like Marga ret, was thinking of him in his lonely cell and though the lightning came blazing through the shuttered and curtained window, and the roar of the storm, the sea and the wind, boomed an awful harmony around them, he scarce ly heeded either; and as the buhl clock vibrat ed on the last silvery stroke of twelve there was a tap at the door, and then the handle was own eyes! urned, and the respectful face of Mr. Hurst

There's a man down below, sir, that has just arrived, and he insists on seeing you. It s a matter of life or death, he says. The colonel stopped, astonished, in his walk,

'Some one to see me on such a night! Who I don't know, sir. He looks like a sailor, in a pea-jacket and a sou'-wester hat; but the collar of the jacket is turned up, and the hat is pulled down, and there's no seeing anything

of him but his nose. "And he said it was a matter of life or It ought to be, certainly, to bring him out in a night like this.

Yes, sir. He said he would see you, if he had to search the house over for you! He's a precious rough-looking customer, sir!" Show him up!" was the curt reply. And

Mr. Hurst bowed and withdrew. He was leaning against the carved mante one elbow resting upon it, and his eyes fixed thoughtfully on the fire, when his visitor en tered-a somewhat stout and not very tall man, in a large, rough jacket, a shining hat, and splashed top-boots. There was more of the man splashed than his boots, for he was drip ping all over like a water-god; and, as Mr. Hurst had intimated, his coat-collar was turned up, and his hat pulled down so that, beside the nose, nothing was visible but a pair of flerce eyes. This nocturnal intruder took the precaution to turn the key in the lock as soon as the valet disappeared, and then came slow-ly forward and stood before the colonel.

"Well, my friend," said that gentleman, quietly, "you wanted to see me?"
"Yes, I did!"

"On a matter of importance, my servant said.

"If it warn't important," said the man, gruffly, "it ain't very likely I'd come here to tell it to you on a night that ain't fit for a half your estates to learn, Colonel Shirley, or I'm mistaken!" "Out with it, then; and, in the mean time,

suppose you sit down.' His visitor drew up one of the green armchairs closer to the hearth, and subsiding into it, without, however, removing his hat, spread out his splashed top-boots to the genial influence of the hot wood-fire. There was something familiar about the man, in his burly figure, rough voice and fierce eyes; but the blonel could not remember where he had seen and heard those items before; and a long si-

lence followed, during which the man in the

top-boots looked at the fire, the colonel looked

at him, the lightning flashed, the wind shriek-

ed, and the portrait of Vivia smiled down on

all. At last: "If you merely wish to warm yourself, my friend," said the colonel, with composure, presume there is a fire in the servants' hall. Allow me to inform you that it is past twelve, and I have a long journey to commence to-

"Indeed! Suppose, for politeness sake, you remove that hat, and let me see the gentleman who makes so extraordinary an assertion!"

"Just you hold on a minute, and you'll see me soon enough! As I said, it's a matter of life or death that brings me here; and you'll hear it all in time, and you won't take any ourney to-morrow! I've been fool enough n my time, Lord knows! but I ain't such a fool as to come out on such a night, and get half-drowned for nothing!" "Very good! I am waiting for you to go

"There was a murder committed here a couple of months ago," said the mysterious person in the pea-jacket, "wasn't there?" Yes!" said the colonel, with a slight recoil, as he thought that perhaps the real murderer

sat before him. "The young gentleman as was murdered was Mr. Leicester Cliffe; and another young gentleman, Mr. Tom Shirley, has been tried and condemned for the murder!"

"Well," said the man in the pea-jacket, still quite coolly, "he is innocent!"
"I know it!"

"Do you? Perhaps you know, too, who's

the guilty party?"
"No. Do you?"

"Yes, I do!" said the man; "and that's what brings me here to-night! Again there was a pause. The colonel's lips had turned white, but nothing could shake his stoical composure. The man in the sailor's dress had his hands on his knees, and was lean-

ing forward, looking up at him.
"And who—but first, my mysterious friend, before any more questions are asked or answered, I must insist on your removing that hat, and showing me who you are."

"All right! It's only a hanging matter, anyway! Look here!"

His visitor rose up, turned down the collar of the pea-jacket, lifted off the dripping sou'wester, and glared up at him in the firelight with a pair of exceedingly green and wolfish

eyes.
"Ah!" said the colonel, slowly, "I thought it was you; and you have come back, then?"
"I have come back!" said his visitor, with a savage gleam in his wolfish eyes. "I have for the pleasure of seeing him hang beside me once! hunted down! hunted down! He's been at it for the last six years, until he's got m to the end of the rope at last! My dog's life hasn't been such a comfort to me, Lord knows that I should care to lose it; but when I do hang, he'll hang beside me, by ---!"

Have the goodness to calm yourself, Mr. Black, and become intelligible! Whom are

you talking about? My name ain't Black, and you know it! transported for life; and I don't care if the devil heard it! Whom am I talking about? I'm talking about a man as I hate, as I've hated for years; and if I had him here, I would tear the eyes out of his head, and the black heart out of his body, and dash his brains out against this here wall! I would, by -

The man's oaths were appalling. The colonel shuddered slightly with disgust and repulion as he heard him, and his face was like that of a human demon.

Will you come to the point, Mr. Black, or Mr. Wildman, whichever you choose? You say you know the real murderer of Leicester -who is he?" "Him as I am talking of-a yellow devil

with a black heart, and his name is Sweet!" Colonel Shirley started up, and grasped the mantel against which he leaned. "Man," he cried, "what have you said?"

"I have said the truth and I can prove it That yellow dog, that I would strangle if I had him near me, that Lawyer Sweet-he killed the young gentleman! I saw him with my

The colonel stood looking a hundred questions he could not speak-struck for the mo-

ment perfectly speechless. "Yes; you may wonder," said Mr. Black, subsiding into his chair again, and letting himself cool down like a bottle of ginger beer after the first explosion; "but it's true as gospel! I saw him do the deed myself, the night of the wedding; and Mr. Tom Shirley-he is in-

"Tell me all," said the colonel, finding voice; "and, for Heaven's sake, do it instantly!

"I am a-going to. I have taken all this ourney in the wind and rain to-night to do it; and I'll hunt him down as he has hunted me, if they were to hang, and draw, and quarter me the next minute! You know that evening I went away; and I don't think anybody here ever heard of me since."

"Go on!" "I had been out that day, and it was nigh on to sundown when I came home. I found my old mother on the ground, just recovering from a fit, and just able to tell me that that vellow villain had been with her, and was going to tell all—the secret he had kept so long. That was the first I ever knew of Barbara's being your daughter instead of mine; though I did know he had some power over the old roman I could not get at the bottom of. Whatever he may say, he knowed it all along; and it was that made him marry her. From the time he met you in the gravevard, the night you buried your wife, he never lost sight of my wife and that baby. But when she told me it all, and how he threatened to peach about my being a returned transport, I believe the very old Satan got into me, and I started up, and went out to find him and kill They say a worm will turn if trodden on; he had trodden on me long enough, Lord knows! and it was my turn now. If I had met him in the middle of the town, with all mad dog to be out. It's something you'd give the people in it looking on, I would have torn his throat out as I would a mad dog's. I would have done it if they was to burn me alive for it the next minute! As I got up near his house, I saw him come out, and I hid be-hind a tree to watch him. Before he got far, he stopped, and began watching somebody nimself; it was Mr. Leicester Cliffe, who came along High street without seeing either of us, and went in. Then Sweet dodged round the back way, and went into the house after him, and I was left alone waiting behind the tree, and waiting for my game to come out. don't know exactly what passed, but I have a notion that Mr. Leicester wanted Barbara to run away with him, and that the yellow viper was listening, and heard it all. It was nigh onto dark when Mr. Leicester came out, and set off like a steam-engine toward Lower Cliffe, to take a short cut, I expect, to the castle; and Sweet came sneaking after him like the snake in the grass he is. There we was, a-dodging after each other, the three of us, and Sweet and me trying to keep out of sight as well as we could, and getting into apples in his pocket.

"You'll commence no journey to-morrow morning," the man in the pea-jacket coolly said.

alley-ways and behind trees whenever we saw anybody coming. There wasn't many out to see us for that matter; for all the town, and the village, too, was up in the park; and Mr. Leicester went up through the park gates, and we two sneaked after him without meeting a soul. Instead of going straight up to the cas tle, as he'd ought to do, Mr. Leicester turned off to that lonesome spot they call the Nun's Grave; and still we two was dodging in through the trees after him. When he got there he stopped, and stood, with his arms crossed, looking down at it; and there was the vellow devil behind him, and I could see his face in the moonlight, and he looked more like a devil than ever. There was a club lying on the grass, just as if Old Nick had left it there for his favorite son-a big knotted stick, that would have felled an ox; and Sweet he raised it, his grinning mouth grinning more than you ever saw it, and, with one blow, knocked the oung gentleman stiff on the ground!

Mr. Black paused in his long narration to turn the other side of his steaming legs to the influence of the blaze, and to look up searchingly at the colonel. But as that gentleman stood as rigid as the marble guest in Don Giovanni, and made no comment, he went on:

'The minute he did the deed, as if he knew his work was finished, he dropped the club, made a rush through the trees, and I lost him. So there I was foiled again, with the young gentleman lying as stiff as if he had been a month dead at my feet. I shouldn't at all have minded being hung for murdering Sweet; wouldn't have cared a curse for it; but ] didn't want to hang for a murder I hadn't done; so I took leg bail, and got away from the place as he had done. I knew Cliftonlea would be too hot to hold me now. I didn't know but what that lying villain would make me out to be the murderer; so my notion was to be off in the evening train for London, and take my time for revenge. Just as I got through the park gates, who should I see but Barbara on the beach, pushing off in a boat from the shore. I sung out to her, but it was no use; she wouldn't stop; so I just swam up to her, got on board, and asked her where she was going. I don't know what she said. I think she was out of her mind; but I found out she was running away from him—from Cliftonlea; and then it struck me, as I was in the boat, the best thing I could do was to row to Lisleham, take the cars for London there, and so throw folks off the scent. And that is the way it happened you couldn't hear anything from either of us."

Well," said the colonel, "you went to London?"

"No we didn't. The first person we met on the wharf at Lisleham was an old chum of mine. He had been with me from New South Wales, but he was well off now, and the captain of a schooner. I had nothing to do but to tell him the police were on my track, and I was sure of safe quarters on board his craft until the heat of the hunt was over. We sail-My name is Wildman-Jack Wildman, as was ed that very day for Dover; and before we were two hours out, Barbara was down raving mad with brain fever. There was no doctor on board, and she had to get out of it the best way she could; but we made the voyage, staved awhile in France, and was back in Lisleham long before she stopped raving or knew anybody. I got some English papers in Dover, and there I saw all about the murder: I saw how Mr. Tom was took up for it; and I knew I had held my tongue about long en ough. I would have come posting back by express; but I couldn't leave Barbara alone in the schooner, and I knew I was time enough. We got in two hours ago. The schooner is at anchor out there now; and, in spite of the storm, I came on shore. And now, sir, that's the whole story. Sweet he's the murderer; and I'll see him hung for it, if I hang myself

> There was a long pause. The storm seemed to increase in fury, and the uproar without had become terrific. The colonel lifted his head and listened to it.

"Barbara, you say, is in the schooner?" "She is-but more like a ghost or a skeleton than anything living!"

"You're sure the sch ed, and not exposed to the fury of this storm?" Mr. Black opened his mouth to reply in the affirmative, when he was ominously stopped by the sharp report of a minute-gun echo through the roar of the hurricane, and rapidly

followed by another and another. "I thought it would come to that," said the "The coast in the morning will be strewn with wrecks! I am going down to the shore.

'All right," said Mr. Black; "we can't be of any use, you know; but I have got cramped with sitting here, and want to stretch my legs a bit. Lord, how it's storming!

The colonel rapidly donned cap and overcoat, and followed by Mr. Black, left his bright fire and pleasant room, and hastened out into the night and storm. The sharp report of the minute-guns still rung through the uproar; but though they were met in the door by a rush of wind and rain that for an instant beat them back—though the lightning still flashed, and the thunder rolled, the storm had passed its meridian, and was subsiding. Dawn was lifting a leaden eye, too, above the mountains of black cloud, and lighting up with a pale and ghastly glimmer the black and foamcrested sea and the storm-beaten earth. Long before they reached the shore in the lashing tempest, the mournful minute-guns had ceased their cry for help, and the vessel, whatever it was, must inevitably have sunk with all its crew. Despite the wind, and rain, and lightning, the shore was lined when they reached it by the fishermen, and thrown up high on the shingly beach were broken spars, fragments of wreck, and most ghastly sight of all, the stark bodies of drowned men. A crowd had collect ed in one spot around a man who, it had turned out, was the only survivor, and who was telling the story of the disaster, as the new-

comers came up. "We were scudding along like Old Nick in a gale of wind," the man was saying, "our spars snapped off like knitting-needles, when we run afoul of the other craft, smashed her like an egg-shell, and down she went, head foremost, like a stone."

A shrill screech from Mr. Black, and off he darted like one possessed. Something had just been washed ashore, something his quick eye had caught, and over which he was bend-ing now with a face as ghastly as those of the drowned men. With an awful presentiment, the colonel followed him, and his presentiment was realized to its utmost extent of horror. In the ooze and mud of the beach, her long hair streaming around her, her soaking dress clinging to her slender form, lay the drowned eiress of Castle Cliffe, with her face in the oathsome slime.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 269.)

A NEW HAVEN boy would have been killed by the kick of a horse had it not been for stolen



NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 25, 1875.

Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid: One copy, four mor

Mrs. May Agnes Fleming's MOST POWERFUL ROMANCE.

In the New York Saturday Journal LOOK OUT FOR NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE!

### Sunshine Papers. Table-Talk.

You are altogether mistaken! I do not purpose talking to you about the gossipy pages headed thus, that one finds near the back cover of many magazines; nor yet to dilate upon the chivalrous oaths and highsouled purposes breathed forth at Arthur's Table Round—though my essay certainly does relate to what is heard the table round; but to comment on what Webster defines as "Conversation at table or at meals."

It seems to me that in too many homes there is little or no attention given to the making meal time merry, pleasant, genial hours; and such they ought to be. At dinner, breakfast, tea, all the family meet. Perhaps they do not at any other portion of the day. Then why not make these meals real cheery, social reunions, where light, interesting, instructive conversation shall abound?

In some families—too many—this is a fair sample of all meals: Breakfast bell rings. Mother takes her place behind the coffee-urn and waits, until impatience is plainly visible on her countenance, for some one to join her company. Father comes down and looks around for the morning paper. Finds it. Seats himself. Commences eating, also-reading. The younger children, finding it quite easy to keep their mouths in operation for some other purpose besides eating, quarrel and giggle in a subdued way; of the elder ones, the son drinks his steaming coffee and swallows hot cakes with fire-proofed capacity, Quaker quietness, and American rapidity, and returns to his room to shine his boots and prepare for his work down town. The elder girls eat also hurriedly and silently and commence rummaging about the room for

In other families some talking is done. Reproof, perhaps, from mother. A few obtuse words from father on business prospects, that no one quite understands, but make every one feel gloomy. Unkind criticisms of their acquaintances by the younger members.

In these homes dishes are passed in rapid

succession, and every one hurries away from the unsocial atmosphere of the dining-room Meal-time seems an hour of mere animal pleasure or physical duty, out of which all the mental element is dropped. This state of affairs is found in many otherwise well-regulated households, but I think it is unpleasant and pernicious, and I think the younger members of the family should be held responsible for not effecting a change.

from them. Eat slowly, observing among and talk pleasantly on pleasing topics of the day, that even the youngest can understand and be interested in, and you will come to regard these frequent family gatherings as the happiest hours of your home-life In after years you will have fond memories of merry breakfasts, spicy discussions at dinner, and general tea-table chit-chat.

Leave business at the office, let your neighbors' faults and doings requiescat in pace, cuss your lessons, or the cut of your new dress at more proper times. Never bring disagree able subjects to the table, any more than would place disagreeable food upon it. If you have company-and do be hospitable; intelli gent visitors can never be anything but hene ficial to a family—take care to avoid table-talk on subjects disagreeable to your guests or of which they have no knowledge.

I know of farmers' households where there is never a genial, cheery meal. The fathers and sons rush in at varied times, and all is hurry and bustle and confusion. Again I know of others when, during the busiest seasons of the year, the meals, served neatly, promptly, but with no air of haste, are veritable social as well as eatable and drinkable entertainments. The father and the boys luxuriate with cold water, towels and brush, slip on a linen coat or pretty smoking-jacket, and forget the relative merits of Peachblows and Early Rose, and the ten-acre lot that must be mowed by sundown, to spend an hour in lively discussions of books, writers, the articles of the last magazine, and the habits of birds, or new strains of

It is odd, but these families, both the male and female members, accomplish more work than the former class. Is it not that the hour spent in physical relaxation and cheerful men al activity enables them to toil with more of ease and rapidity, when they return to their occupations, than the neighbors who keep their power of physical labor strung to its utmost tension?

Then let kind, genial, social, cheerful talk abound in every household! A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

Mrs. May Agnes Fleming's Chef-d'œuvre IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.

A Story of Startling Power, Interest and Beauty. TELL YOUR FRIENDS OF IT!

A BIT OF A LECTURE.

"SPEAK as you mean." Few of us do. Some of us don't mean what we speak, either. We flatter and praise people too much, and we bestow many an encomium upon people which they neither merit nor deserve. Why do we do so? Well, we don't want folks to get mad with us, and they will get mad if we censure them or their work. They want to be praised up to the seventh heaven, and if we are sincere enough to speak our minds freely—and all for to which insanity can go, and will flare up at us like jumping jacks. We don't like to be flared up at, and we think it not pleasant to be We desire to have all things pleasant, and exclaim, "Anything for a quiet life;" so we go on telling people how smart, witty, and talented they are, when we are thinking and knowing them to have shallow brains and to be the veriest milksops in creation. puff up what they have on, and tell them how becoming their clothes are, and how nicely they set, while we are thinking all the while what dowdies they are making of themselves.

How few of us will speak candidly to the wealthy! I often wonder if rich people ever have the truth told to them about their foibles, and if they do not often grow disgusted at hearing so much flattery, and so much fawning around them, and if they do not long for one true and sincere friend who will tell them the onest truth about themselves, and not be all cream and sugar, which grows sickening for a a continual diet.

"Do as you profess." Don't set yourself up for a saint unless you have the good qualities of a saint. A great number of people are like the actors in a theater, merely assuming a part and making other people believe they are what they are not. One would think, to hear them quote Scripture, and see them put on a solemn countenance, that they were patterns of perfection, and before whom you'd hardly dare to open your mouth lest your breath should comtaminate them. I always steer clear of such individuals-always let them have the whole sidewalk to themselves, while walk in the middle of the street. There is too much cant in their talk and too much vinegar in their composition to suit me. Of course they look upon me as a little heathen who ought to be reconstructed; but I won't be reconstructed, for I won't let them come near nough to reconstruct me.

I don't think I am wicked because I go to the opera, and I don't consider myself depraved cause I attended the theater, and if I do attend an occasional ball I'm not going to consider myself, like a bad bill, beyond redemption. I wonder if it is any more wicked for me to go openly to the amusements than it is for those who decry public entertainments and yet occupy a private box where they cannot be seen. You needn't think I am exaggerating, for the thing is done frequently. I wonder which is the most of a heathen? Of course I am! Well, I shall continue, I fear, in my heathenish propensities. If you profess to hate and anathematize all harmless amusements, I am perfectly willing, but I want you to do as you profess—to keep away from them! That will show you are a little more consistent.

"Perform what you promise." That is the way to gain confidence and secure a good reputation. Don't promise your children any thing-just to keep them quiet-which you never mean to give. They'll soon lose all trust in you and you'll find them growing up in the same habit—a habit hard to shake off. If you haven't the means to buy something wanted by your wife or family be honest and tell them so, and not put them off with the hack-neyed expression of "I will get it ere long." It is all well enough to keep peace in the family, but it shouldn't be done at the expense of ying. Promises are easy enough to make. Just look back a year in your life and reckon how many promises you have made and how many of them you have not kept. I fear the latter will be very few compared to the former.
Give these few lines a thought, if you think them worth it, and see if it wouldn't "pay" to act upon the advice contained therein. have a number of persons who, when young, were promising youths, but who have turned out anything but performing men and women. They have been flattered and praised so much that they have come to the conclusion-we cannot wonder at it-that they are so vastly talented and so wonderfully smart there is not the slightest necessity of striving to do any-Be punctual at your meals, and do not hurry thing. How vastly are they mistaken, how wofully deceived, and what a sad awakening each other all the amenities of drawing-room to their dreams of fancied fortune without Mrs. May Agnes Fleming to the Front! king for it! It would be a good idea t have this line placed before every one: "Speak as you mean, do as you profess, and perform

Mrs. May Agnes Fleming's Great Story TO COMMENCE NEXT WEEK.

A Wild, Weird, Witching Romance. SPEAK FOR IT IN ADVANCE!

### Foolscap Papers.

Bathing at Long Branch. TAKING everything into consideration I am

ot altogether opposed to water. I think it is one of the very best of things to have wrapped around you on a very hot day. While down at Long Branch the other day

looking at the bathers wrestling with the Atlantic ocean, and laying their hands on the although it was a long while since I ever attempted anything of the kind.

So, on the spur of the moment, I went into one of those shoe-boxes, set up on end, on the beach and put on a suit of flannel which was very comfortably scratchy with sand, and three sizes too old, and looked in a piece of lookingglass and then put my head out and inquired who I was. I found that I wasn't. I cut such a penitentiary figure that I peeped around to see if I couldn't find some loafer that I could hire to take my place, and finally ventured out, shutting my eyes so that I could not see the crowd looking at me, and stood at the edge of the water somewhat like Cæsar on the bank of the Rubicon, hesitating to plunge. Finally I concluded not to plunge, but waded in, and found that they hadn't put any hot water in the sea that day; and I shivered in my boots, although I was barefooted.

I ventured in by wading out, and the first thing I knew I stepped off a ledge and went over my head. I think I went down about sixteen miles-somewhere in that neighbor hood. Maybe it was only fifteen, but I am not

I came up to blow like a whale does and found that I couldn't swim; then I went down again, breathing about a tubful of water. When I came up again somebody caught me by the ear and pulled me out. I sat down on the beach and told them I was a drowned man, and if any of the bathers had a sheet of paper in their pockets I would make my will on the spot.

I was reassured at last, and gained confi-

Then I got a board and paddled around, and was enjoying myself very well when a very corpulent female porpoise began a series of either have to swallow the Atlantic or drown, their own good, too-they'll get as mad as so I dropped my board and grappled her around ed impulse of the soul.

Tophet, which is doubtless the greatest extent | the waist to save as much of her as I could, when she threw her arms around my neck and cried "Deliverer," and a man hit me with his hand done up in a knot on the side of the ear, and said he would teach me to grab his only wife around the waist before his own eyes.

I stepped back to return his blow on the end of my knuckles when a breaker rolled over me and flattened me out, and I didn't thirst either for blood or water when I got on my feet

It is wonderful how the sea-water takes the varnish off the faces of young beauties whose fathers are rich enough to send them to Long Branch. I was, most of the time, right in the midst of many old—I mean young—acquaint-ances, and failed to know who they were.

They were washed out of countenance!
While I was paddling around with my poard, a breaker rolled over me and washed the board away, and a young lady about to be shipwrecked grabbed at me for safety and caught me by the hair, which sent me under some feet, and I am almost willing to swear that she sat on me four minutes. I can bear much, but when I had as much water in me as there was out, I rose up and restored her to

her friends. It seemed to me whenever I would go to swim alone, my feet would always go up and my head down. Perhaps it was because my

feet were the most buoyant.

It is one of the hardest things in the world to let on to the crowd on the beach that you are a good swimmer, when you know very little more than nothing about it.

I found that I could dive better than I could swim, but when I dived and accidentally upset a matronly lady, who held me under and nearly drowned me afterward, I thought that a man with half a head out of water was better than one with a whole head under wa

One young lady asked me if I wouldn't take hold of her hand and lead her out toward England just a little ways. I could not refuse the request, but a breaker broke over us and washed her away from my protection. I had no chance to feel around for my lost charge, because I had to feel around for myself, and that was nearly more than I could do. Some body else dug her up out of the waves, and as soon as I could get the water out of my ears, I heard all sorts of execrations called down on my water-cured head for letting a young lady go to save my own self.

Somehow, I always allowed my own self to get foremost in my mind, especially in a case of danger. It is peculiar to our family. It has been so ever since the flood, when our family had their first swim, and so many of the Whitehorn wives got irretrievably drowned.

I finally fooled around with that board un til I got beyond my depth and a breaker washed it away out of my hands, and I, being denser than salt water, went to the bottom of

the sea to hunt shells.

The sensations of drowning are peculiar You first imagine that you are your uncle's aunt's stepfather, with a doubt as to whether you might not be something else or something or other—either one. You don't seem to care for anything or nothing. You seem to feel, as it were, a sort of a some kind of a feeling. The matter-of-fact seems to have nothing to do with the matter-of-fiction, or anybody else The and-so-forths completely extinguish the etceteras; and so on ad infinitum.

I think I laid there soaking for about a

veek, more or less, especially the former. They fired a cannoa over my remains, and I didn't remain, but came up to the surface, and was hauled out and laid on a board. Then they stood me up against a bath-house on my head for some hours; then I came to—or three, for I felt like half a dozen.

I shall hereafter discountenance all kinds of baths whatever, and will deliver my lecture in defense of this subject before lyceums at the rate of one hundred dollars per night. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

THE GREAT AUTHORESS IN HER BEST VEIN! A Romance of Magnificent Power IN SATURDAY JOURNAL, NEXT WEEK,

### SELFISHNESS.

MANY an individual's influence for good is estroyed by a love of self, like a flower blight ed by untimely frost. Self-respect is just and becoming, and not only enables us to maintain our moral dignity, but prompts us to higher attainments in our life-work, but when the rights of others are ignored, and only our own wishes are paramount, we violate the golden rule. This hydra-headed monster may be seen in all the walks of life.

Mr. Vinegar Cruet does queer things to shield Miss Parsimony under the cloak of eccentricity. Little Miss Petticoats, at all haz ards, must have her own way, even at the in convenience of older persons. Nervousness is often used as a covering for any amount of ex acting element. Messengers are sent to garret ocean's mane, and getting knocked down and rolled over by it, I concluded to try it myself, if all is secure, for robbers and murderers may and cellar for the third and fourth time to see come in at any moment. Is it not strange that people view other people through themselves Then look under the bed, and hunt the premi ses over in search of fire. The doctor is fre quently summoned in the night because baby is sleeping with its eves half open, and these whims must be humored or this bundle of crooked nerves goes off in a paroxysm of tears bordering on hysterics. One affects plainness of speech, and mounts it as a hobby to override all views and opinions that do not jibe with his

Another is a hero while suffering some great public calamity, but if there is a button miss ing from his shirt, the bravery takes instant

The aged, with venerable locks and bent forms, are often rudely and indifferently treated by the very ones they have so tender

ly cared for from infancy.

The remedy for these social evils is mag nanimity. True politeness is involuntary when it springs from a benevolent and loving heart, and diffuses pleasure among all who com-within the circle of its heavenly influence. room may be adorned with all the beauty and elegance that wealth can procure, but without light we are unable to look upon the artistic work that surrounds us, or study the unfolding petals of the lovely flowers. So selfishness darkens and hides the noblest qualities of the

Look at the strong arm of the blacksmith how the muscles develop by exercise; but bind that arm by his side for a few months, and it will become useless from inaction. As it is with the physical, so is it with the moral and social attributes of our being. Kind deference to the aged, sympathy for the erring, charity for the weak, and courtesy to all, will imper flounderings which made me think she would ceptibly but surely develop benevolence, which is one of the most glorious, but the most neglect-

### Topics of the Time.

—Of the original cedars of Lebauon only seven now remain. They cover a space of not over half a mile upon the mountain-side. They are more than a thousand years old. Indeed, it is believed that some of them were planted by Solomon; but, as Solomon lived over a thousand years before Christ, it is probably a few wrinkles too many to say that the wise man had a hand in

—The Spanish government has adopted the Hughes printing telegraph instrument, and its inventor has been made a baron. The N. Y. Sun says: "Baron Hughes is his title in Spain, and we presume that all the rest of mankind will agree in conferring it upon him whenever they speak of him." If they do it will be the Hughest joke of the season.

-The good news comes in on the crops like a roll-call. Minnesota answers "here!" with a wheat-harvest of grain remarkably large and well-filled, weighing from sixty to sixty-five pounds to the bushel. Nearly all of the counties report their average to be twenty-five bushels to the acre. The crop of the State is from twenty-five to forty millions of bushels of fine wheat, besides other grain. New wheat now sells readily at \$1 a bushel in Minnesota, but here in New York it sells for what the speculators need York it sells for what the speculators please. Eastern consumers know very little indeed about cheap wheat or cheap transportation.

-It is said that after two complete days of —It is said that after two complete days of life a child weighs about two ounces less than at birth. When a week old it will be of the same weight as at birth. From seven days to five months the average increase should be three-quarters of an ounce daily. At five months the weight should be double that at birth. At sixseen months the weight should be double that at live months. Of course, infants vary from time to time, and each individual has a rule of its own; he great point is that growth ought to be con

-As a corollary of what we last week said about the comparatively recent use of under clothing or even shirts, we may add that even washing-days are also of very modern introduce washing-days are also of very modern introduc-tion; it was, in fact, not very much of an insti-tution in the days of our great-great grandmoth-ers. Indeed, we are forced to the conclusion, mortifying as it is, that they were not very clean-ly in their personal habits. Linen and cotton, materials that can be washed, were not popular in England two centuries and a half ago. Vel-vets, taffets and rich silks were in the middle ages often worn by the wealthy without any un-derclothing whatever, while the domestics and the people of the lower order wore coarse linen, also without underclothing. also without underclothing.

-A colony of the Waldenses, the laborious and quiet people holding special religious tenets, and dwelling in the valleys of the Po and Pinerolo, has settled in the southwestern portion of Missouri. It has laid out the plan of a future Waldenses city, called Verona, and already containing four hundred inhabitants. That section of the country will soon be made to blossom, as these peculiar people are provedially supposed. these peculiar people are proverbially splendid workers. The more of such people the richer is the country. Peculiar religious tenets so flourish in our soil that, after a few years' acclimatization, they develop into "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" as fully as the most rabid republican could desire.

republican could desire.

—George Washington couldn't tell a lie, and that's what ails the average Vicksburg boy. The other day, when one of them accidentally broke a pane of glass in a store window, it was touching to see him walk bravely into the store and up to the merchant, and say: "Mr. Blank, I broke a pane of glass in the window there, and you can put it to the old man's account! Put it down as a pound of saleratus and he'll never know the difference." That boy will go to Congress or to State's prison before he finishes.

—The editor of the Elmira Gasette says: "We

The editor of the Elmira Gazette says: "We always did like a girl with a blue vail, and we rejoice to see that this becoming article of female gearing is coming into style again. They are twisted into the most bewitching shapes, and so tantalizingly tied around and about as to make the wearers more winsome than ever. If there is anything nicer than a pretty girl in a blue vail we never found it out." The white vail before the blue, forever! That editor evidently never was at Bride-well. Elmira belles should "go for?" him

As the fall weather approaches the women begin to ask about fall styles. We are informed oracularly that the *Princesse* is the coming dress. It is a costame similar to the Gabrielle, the waist and skirt in one piece, with large hanging sleeves and the skirt heavily draped in front. It is proand the skirt heavily draped in front. It is pronounced extremely graceful and "coquettish,"
If the ladies do not know what that is let them
ask the first pretty girl they meet. The Prin
cesse has the merit of being appropriate for home,
evening, dinner and full dress costume—a remarkable garment, truly. We go in for the Princesse, and the princesses, too, when they are sensible and know how to make up their own garments. But the *Princesse* will not supersede tabliers, overskirts, basques and sacques. These all will reign throughout the fall and winter—a very agreeable announcement to make.

-We may have some idea of what England has we may nave some dea of what England has to sell when we state that one week's products of the manufacturers of the single town of Birmingham sum up about as follows: fourteen millions of pens, six thousand bedsteads, seven thousand guns, three hundred millions of cutails, one hundred millions of buttons, one thousand saddles, five millions of copper or bronze coins, twenty thousand pairs of specta-cles, six tons of paper-mache wares, \$150,000 worth of jewelry, four thousand miles of fron and steel wire, ten tons of pins, five tons of hairpins and hooks and eyes, one hundred and thirty thousand gross of wood screws, five hundred cons of nuts and screw bolts and spikes, fifty ons of wrought iron hinges, three hundred and ifty miles length of wax for vestas, forty tons of efined metal, forty tons of German silver, one chousand dozens of fenders, three thousand five nundred bellows, eight hundred tons of brass and copper wares, and so forth.

The most eminent German geologists and ethnologists now maintain that the locality of man's primitive origin, the seat of the so-called Paradise, was in the Pacific ocean south of Asia, whence the race slowly diffused itself north whence the race slowly diffused itself north-ward to Asia, westward to Africa, and eastward to Australia. When the great Pacific continent slowly sunk, so that the ocean commenced filling the valleys, man retreated to the moun-tains, which, by continued sinking, were trans-formed into islands, and now form the many groups of Polynesia. The insularity of the thus preserved races was not productive of civilizareserved races was not productive of civiliza-tion, which requires conflict, in which the supeiors in the end gain the victory over the infe-iors. In those islands, the inferior races were reserved for want of this conflict, hence their savage condition even at the present day; while primitively the greatest advance took place at the spot of the most intense conflict, the continent of Southern Asia.

-A native Japanese journalist who has evi-—A native Japanese journalist who has evidently traveled in Europe has published an article on woman's rights in his newspaper, in which he says that "from the practice of Europeans, it would appear that the power of the wife is greater than that of the husband, and this error has been brought about by the want of a correct view of the dictates of nature. We will point out examples of this. In going through a door the wife passes first and the husband follows her; the wife takes the best seat and the husband the next best; in visiting, the wife is first called in forms of address the wife is first called in forms of address the wife is first called. first saluted; in forms of address, the wife is first mentioned. Moreover, while men are in the company of ladies they must be particular in their conversation, and are not permitted to smoke without the ladies' permission being first obtained. These and like customs are innumerable and the power of the women is for creater. able, and the power of the women is far greater than that of the men." It is well, once in awhile, to see ourselves as others see us, it is not unprofitable to know how we are looked upon by the "heathen." The "Jap" is a shrewd observer.

### Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors .- No MSS, received that ar not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.— Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."-MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.-Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Co Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number .- A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Man MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special

We find place for "How She Caught a Burglar;"
"Story of a Song;" "Back From the Dead;" "A
Strange Story;" "A Happy Dog;" "Doomed;"
"June Roses;" "Mustering of the Dead;" "Let
the Sleepers Sleep;" "O'Leary of the Brownie
Eye;" "A Homely Beauty."

Eye; "A Homely Beauty."

The following are declined: "The Dreamer"—
good enough for use but much too long; "To a
Child;" "A Desperate Encounter;" "Give Me a
Lone Cot, etc.; "Breaking up the Schoharie;"
"Get All You Can;" "Old Badger's Boy;" "The
Sport of a Night;" "Two to Three;" "An Early
Bird's Protest" (stolen); "Home at Last." C. N. R. See answer to "Red Rob" below.

DAN J. We can supply the numbers indicated. SYLVANUS S. No stamp for the letter you ask us

ABSECOM. The Isle of Shoals lies off Ports-nouth, N. H., harbor. Miss Maggie D. Your marriage would be valid sanctioned by a licensed minister, even though ou are under age.

D. J. M. The conception you give is poetic enough but is neither novel nor new. It is old, and all its poetry will consist in the manner in which it is embodied in words.

EDDIE R. The eudiometer is an instrument for measuring the quantity of oxygen in the air or in other elastic fluid. It tests the purity of our atmosphere in any locality.

L. C. The poem "To a Child" is not up to the author's standard. Some lines are mere prose, others lack correctness of emphasis. You cannot

SUFFERER. A rupture can sometimes be cured by wearing a truss, but, before using one, be ex amined by a competent physician and surgeon whose advice is all-important.

D. M. Goldsmith Maid has beaten Dexter's best ime on several occasions. Cornell won at Sarato-a.-Study that profession or calling for which you re apparently best fitted by nature. Try Cornell interview.

RED ROB. We shall not re-issue "Death Notch," certainly not for some time to come. "Gilbert, the Guide" commenced in No. 235. "Headless Horseman" in No. 205-235. We shall have another story by Capt. Mayne Reid.

F. J. P. All the first-made ocean steamers were side-wheelers. The propeller is of quite recent introduction on lakes and ocean. The great improvement of the "compound" engine makes high speed in propellers possible. At first a propeller was a "slow coach."

than by land.

L. A. B. "Lance and Lasso" runs through eleven numbers; "Wolf Demon," sixteen; "Bowle-Knife Ben," thirteen; price (post-paid) six cents per number. The first named was written by Frederick Whittaker. We have another story by the same author—a sequel to Lance and Lasso.

JESSE A. R. Colds are common everywhere, in changeable and damp weather. For your hoarseness use the white of an egg, thoroughly beaten, mixed with lemon juice and sugar. A teaspoonful taken occasionally soon gives relief.

DIDYMUS, of 10th Street. Can't answer all your

DIDYMUS, of 10th Street. Can't answer all your queries at this time. The Labyrinth, in Egypt, contains three hundred chambers and twelve halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles round, showing how vast must have been its dimensions. Egyptian civilization reaches back into a remote era—certainly more than twenty thousand years.

sand years.

SPICY JACK. You need not "turn up your nose" at the suet butter or eleomargarin. It is neither unsavery nor unwholesome, being made with the utmost nicety from the cleanest of materials. Neither is it unpleasant in any marked degree to the pelate, nor to the stomach. It certainly is infinitely better than the abomination sold by grocers under the generic name of "cooking butter."

CENTENNIAL. We presume it will be difficult to get the employ you seek. As yet the "Centennial" is in embryo—the buildings are not yet constructed. Your true course is to write to John C. Campbell, Secretary, Philadelphia.

J. P. B. solves Bonanza's problem. An 3-5 miles distance ship goes out. He prothis problem: "A boat's crew row 3% miles down a river and back again in one hour and forty min-utes. Supposing the river to have a current of 2 miles per hour, find the rate at which the crew would row in still water." A Grammar School No. 22 boy answers Bonanza's problem by giving 47.3-5 miles. Wrong, sir!

DIGGIST. See SATURDAY JOURNAL No. 287, "Oil City Reader." In one respect petroleum resembles coal—it is derived from organic matter, which has andergone decomposition without contact with the air. Conditions necessary to its formation are, first—the diffusion of organic matter through a fine mud or clay; second, the material in a very finely-divided state; third, as a consequence of the preceding, the atmosphere excluded as far as possible from the material undergoing decomposition.

Mrs. Emma N. Your linen is by no means spoiled.

MRS. EMMA N. Your linen is by no means spoiled. Garments or bedding of linen which have become yellow from time may be whitened by being boiled in a lather made of milk and pure white soap, a pound of the latter to a gallon of the former. After the boiling process, the linen should be twice rinsed, a little blue being added to the last water made.

"DICK TALBOT," Deluth. If your sisters do not "Duck Talbot." Deluth. If your sisters do not like your lady-love, it will prove exceedingly disagreeable to marry and take her to live in your home. There are very few young wives who get along nicely with their mother-in-law and sisters-in-law, and if the aversion is already commenced, it would be supreme folly to take your wife into the most trying of places to any bride—her husband's home. Better wait until you can secure a home of your own, be it ever so unpretentious; and, by degrees, when not forced to endure each other's constant company, your relatives and your wife may come to be friends.

ALICE WHITE, Laureiton. The simplest and most efficacious method of cleansing the system and clearing the complexion is the use of French charcoal or willow charcoal. It comes in bottles ready prepared for use. Take a teaspoonful, mixed with water, three nights in succession, and the fourth some simple cathartic. The use of powders and cosmetics will speedily ruin your skin. White is the most inexpensive dress you can get for the party. Wear no colors about you except a cluster of scarlet flowers in your hair and at your throat, and no jewelry but plain gold. There would be no impropriety in your "inviting a gentleman friend to drive with you," nor in your "stopping for him at the house where he is staying," if it is usual for you to drive out at your own will.

at the house where he is staying. It is usual for you to drive out at your own will.

Bob McM., Evansville, writes: "What style of ring is mostly used for a betrothal ring, and what for wedding? Is it customary to have either or both marked? How should a gentleman dress for a church wedding—I mean the groom?" A solitaire diamond is considered the regulation engagementring. A solitaire pearl is the next choice, and for those who can afford neither there is a chased hoop of gold. We have seen other rings used, however, though not often except diamonds; sometimes the very wealthy prefer a cluster of diamonds set in the shape of a cross, or an entire circlet of the stones; and circlets of torquoises are sometimes used. The wedding ring is a plain gold band, one of the latest innovations being a flat surface and square edge. Either ring, or both, may be marked upon the inside, at the option of giver and wearer. We have seen engagement-rings marked with monogram, date and motto; wedding-rings with combined names and date. The ordinary costume is a black dress suit, white vest, the and gloves. If the bride wears traveling freess, the groom wears a traveling suit, with gloves the same shade as the bride's.

\*\*Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week. Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

Mrs. May Agnes Fleming's Masterpiece IN ART, PLOT AND CHARACTER,

In the Saturday Journal. BE SURE TO SECURE IT.

#### TO AUGUSTA.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Sweet sister, I once called my own, But wert by God so soon reclaimed chosen seraph at His throne, And by His holy angels named.

Once more I seek thy resting-place, And lonely through the graveyard stray, 'Tis not to see thy angel face, But o'er thy mound to weep and pray.

I see a mourner's bending form, He's weeping o'er a lonely grave; While in his heart there is a storm, And every tear emotion's wave.

Oh, he has found a place to weep Affection's tears that freely flow, While I my every tear must keep Sealed in my heart to feed my woe.

Of all these graves, oh, which is thine? I ask myself again, again, Yet oh, His power so divine Can soothe my ever-yearning pain,

I sit me down upon the shore And listen to the chant of waves, While flow my tears all free once more, I gaze upon the many graves.

And now I know on thine I've gazed, Still, where it is I may not know; And while my face is upward raised My tears and pain all lesser grow.

Oh, if thy grave I may not find To drop my tears, to breathe my sigh, I know that Heaven's not unkind, And thou art there with God on high.

# Outgeneraled.

RY MARY REED CROWELL.

MISS BERTHA DEANE looked very admiringly at her full-length reflection in the dressing mirror; then, with a sigh of satisfaction, turn ed around to her cousin Ethel, who sat regarding her somewhat as an ugly little boy might be supposed to contemplate a gorgeous-winged butterfly

"I can just tell you, Ethel, I am more de cided than ever to go in for a rich husband, when I look at myself and see how nice I am.

She asked the question with a bewildering little smile, and a charming candor and hon esty that completely robbed it of mean vanity. You are lovely, Bertie, and I feel sorry for the ineligible young men who are to come under the spell of your fascinations for the

three months you are visiting us." 'Nonsense, you dear old girl! as if the 'ineligible young men' cannot stand it as well as I! although, to comfort you, I will promise to have nothing to do with any one that can't count his money by the hundreds of thous

Ethel gave a little gasp of horror at Bertha's high aspirations.

That's just as true as gospel, Ethie. I positively have made up my mind to marry rich—that is what I came up to New York for. You know I am pretty, and love handsome dresses, and enjoy all sorts of luxuries. Why shouldn't I have my carriage and horses, my box at the opera, my mansion on Fifth avenue my cottage at Newport, my diamonds and laces, as well as any one else?"

She gave her skirts a little extra settling, with a very determined touch, as if she expected Ethel to oppose her ambition.

"I certainly hope you'll attain to the hight you desire, Bertie, although I cannot imagine who there is that can give you such an over-plus of good things. It would take the fortune of a Rothschild or a Stewart to gratify you, you little rapacious fortune-hunter.

Bertha smiled, and nodded mysteriously. "Well, you'll see. You shall be my bridesmaid when I marry the gentleman I have my eye on. Just wait—I shall get him."

She spoke with all the confidence of a beauty of eighteen who felt that the world lay at her feet, to be had for the stooping and taking; and plain, practical Ethel, was imbued with the contagion of the girl's positiveness.

"If the royal dower of beauty and grace is infallible, you surely will win your game, Ber-

She looked with pardonable pride at the girl, as she stood there, a perfect Venus in her ounded grace and symmetry of form, and the lovely sweetness of the pure, pale face, with its full, ripe lips of glowing scarlet: its sha dowy, dark eyes, now all alight with eagerness, that were at times vailed so splendidly by the heavily-lashed lids; its framework of jetty, shining hair with purple lights athwart Verily, if youth and beauty and fresh, winning grace, and native refinement and intelligence were the passports to success, Bertha Deane's battle was already more than half

"Thank you for your praises, Ethel—and, really, I think myself I am too choice a jewel to remain outside of the finest setting. awfully vain, a'n't I?—and I suppose you think I'm as wicked as can be, don't you?" Ethel's indulgent smile reassured her on

"I think you are awfully wicked to refuse

poor Will Elmott." Bertha's eyes opened in honest surprise. Will Elmott! why, Ethel, are you crazy? He lives on a salary! Fancy me trying to manage on fifteen hundred a year!"

Her look of mock distress was irresistibly "Then, there is Mr. Ross, Bertie. I know he is all ready to propose if you offer him the least encouragement. I'm sure he wouldn't oblige you to 'manage on a salary.' He's in business, and worth at least thirty thousand.

A silvery little laugh routed this charge. "I tell you I'm booked for half a million Ethel, and I've my eye on the owner of it." Ethel knit her brows in severe thought. "A half mil ion! Bertha, you are insane

There's not a man in New York worth it that

Bertha tapped her little foot merrily. "I know it. "Then who do you- Merciful goodness

Bertha, you're not audacious enough to be pre suming upon finding favor in the sight of that English nobleman who is expected at Mrs. Ellingers?"

Ethel fairly gasped the words. Bertha laughed, and nodded.

Exactly! I'd not have the slightest object tion to being Lady Tresillian-would you?" But the girl's daring audacity had fairly taken Ethel's breath away.
"But—but—you don't know anything about

him. If he's old, and fat, and ugly, and bald-

Bertha made a charming little bow that effectually silenced her.

'He will yet remain Lord Algernon Tresillian, with a rent-roll of seventy thousand, and the owner of the finest estate in Cornwall, and a perfect palace in Park Lane."

Ethel leaned back among the cushions, perfectly discomfited, while Bertha smiled, and arched her stately neck like some blooded warhorse who scents the battle from afar.

"Next Thursday three weeks, at Mrs. Ellinger's reception, given in honor of my lord's arrival, the siege will begin. You'll see!"

"What did you say his name is, Bertha? You know who I mean—that handsome young man with the blonde side-whiskers?"

Ethel nudged Bertha on the arm, as, in the brief interval between dances, the two girls found themselves together on a sofa in a cor-ner of Mrs. Delmayne's drawing-room. Bertha's eyes coolly followed the direction indi-

"Oh! that's Mr. Desmond. Do you call him handsome? "I should think I did! and evidently he en-

tertains some such opinion of you, judging from the way he looks over here." A little flush surged over Bertha's face.

"Nonsense! you know perfectly well there are other people to be looked at besides me. Don't stand so near, please."

Ethel looked wonderingly up, surprised by

the unwonted tartness in Bertha's voice and "I think I am right, however. Who is he, anyhow? I think he is perfectly elegant."

Bertha curled her lip. "Your opinion is immaterial to me. As to who he is—how should I know? I heard some one say he was engaged in an office—a mining business, I believe. Thanks, Mr. Delmayne-

yes. I'm ready for the galop. After that, no one heard her mention Mr. Desmond's name, often though he called to see her, often as he escorted her to places of amusement; and only Ethel knew the secret of Bertha's reticence, her alternating moods of sweetness and tartness, her sarcasm and tenderness, her gay merriment and downcast tearfulness. Only Ethel, who knew that young

Desmond was "on a salary. Those three weeks that intervened betwee then and Mrs. Ellinger's reception in honor of Lord Tresillian's arrival in New York society were quickly spent; and the afternoon preced-ing the great event, Bertha's dress came home, while the two girls were chatting in their

"Oh!—isn't it lovely? Bertha, you surely will fascinate Lord Tresillian. Was there ever such a sweet shade of pink?"

Bertha deliberately examined it—so different from her usual enthusiastic way.

"Oh, yes, it's pretty enough. I dare say

there'll be handsomer dresses there, however. And it was "pretty enough"—so enhanced by Bertha's statuesque face, and marble-white arms and throat, and among the very first to bow at her shrine was the lion of the evening -Algernon Tresillian, the wealthy English

baronet.
"I must congratulate you, Bertie," Ethel said, as they drove home; "his lordship's devotion was very marked. I am sure I begin In the darkness she did not see the deep

blush that spread over Bertha's face, nor the angry pallor that followed. ch a hideous old man! did you see how

purple his face turned when he bowed?" Oh, Bertha! you forget how rich-"

"Do be still, Ethel. Can't you see I and dying with headache?" So the spring days wore on, finding Bertha now jubilantly gay, now petulantly cross, now miserably wretched, until, one April morning there came a letter to her, written on heavy cream-hued paper, bearing a crest at its heading, and subscribed "Tresillian."

A manly, straightforward letter, in which the estates in Cornwall, the house in Park Lane, the seventy thousand a year, were laid at her feet—on condition that she accepted their owner with them.

With the reading of that letter all of Bertha's unwonted irritation left her; her old sweetness came again; and yet—she refused

And might I ask why?" Lord Tresillian had begged an interview,

and asked her the question. "Because I cannot marry where I have no love to give. Because I love Harry Desmond,

She said it with proud authority, her eyes full of true tenderness, her lips trembling with

'Harry Desmond? the young gentleman who earns a salary of a few hundred a year?"
"The same, sir." If he is not rich in wealth, he is in love for me; in nobility of character, in greatness and goodness of soul. We shall

very happy. The old gentleman's eyes twinkled good-"But I thought you wanted a rich husband

I can give you everything you want."
"I want nothing Harry cannot give me," she returned, proudly

Then I am to consider your answer as flnal? you positively prefer young Desmond and fifteen hundred a year to—to being Lady Tresillian, of Tresillian Court?"

A smile flitted across her sweet face. "I'm afraid I do. But I thank you grate fully for the great honor you have offered

"Suppose I say you shall be Lady Tresillian? Not now, but some day—"
"It is useless to talk of it. I shall marry

Mr. Desmond." Then the curtains of the bay-window part ed, and the handsome young fellow who had

von her came into the room "My darling! I never can repay you for your sweet womanly allegiance to me ever, I shall unite with Lord Tresillian in arging upon you the necessity of considering yourself the future Lady Tresillian, although antil the death of my father, Lord Algerna

you will be plain Mrs. Desmond-Honorable Mrs. Desmond. Bertha looked and listened in bewilderment, "You'll not refuse me for a father-in-law Bertha? and you'll forgive us for our little effort at generalship? We heard you had sworn to marry only for money, but Harry discover ed you had a loving, yearning heart that wealth alone never could satisfy; and so-Well, you're contented with the way it has turned out? You'll admit we've outgeneraled

And in her magnificent home over the wa ters, Bertha is happier than the day is long.

you, you little mischief?"

THE celebrated house Plantin-Moretus, at Antwerp, has been purchased by the town of Antwerp for 1,200,000f., to which the government contributes 200,000f., to be maintained as a museum. It contains inestimable art treasures and curiosities; among them paintings of the Dutch and Flemish schools, engravings, manuscripts and books. It will take years to classify the manuscripts, which are expected to be of great historical value. The Planting were printers to Philip II., and published for him the famous "polyglot Bible." Rubens was the painter of the Plantin family, and Justus Lipsius worked in the printing office as proof-reader.

# Love in a Maze:

THE DEBUTANTE'S DISENCHANTMENT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET. AUTHOR OF "ALIDA BARRETT, THE SEWING-GIRL," "MADELINE'S MARRIAGE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A MAD HUSBAND. It was a scene of gayety and splendor that was passing in the house which the lady, whom

Elodie had recognized, was entering. She stood at one end of the spacious drawing room, the center of a brilliant circle, re ceiving congratulations and welcome on her return from Europe. The young gentleman who had been her escort—an old acquaintance, Tom Wyatt—had left her side, and was in conversation with a young lady at one of the tables loaded with sketches and engravings. Tom had but recently arrived from the

West, and was only staying for a short visit. He had dined that day with General and Mrs. Marsh at their house, and had accepted her invitation to escort her to the party at Mrs. Lyndon's, her husband excusing himself on the olea of having letters to write

Tom had gained amplitude of form and ruddine s of face; but his expression was graver than of old. His admiration for the beauty that had enslaved him had not diminished. He had hovered around Ruhama as much and as often as she would permit. He fancied she was not happy in her married life, and that her lord—so much her senior was uneasy if any other man came near her. He did not wish to provoke marital jealousy, though he loved to sun himself in the bright eyes of the only woman he had ever really

Ruhama, though she could not be said to have any of her old propensity for flirting, yet greatly enjoyed a return to her former social triumphs. She seemed, however, not wholly at her ease, and she often lapsed into fits of musing. She drew back presently from the circle of her gentlemen friends, and seated her self upon a sofa, where she was soon in earnest onversation with Mrs. St. Clare-the Emily Blount. It was a marvel to both that they had not met abroad, though Emily's travel had been rapid, and her stay not long in one place. Ruhama inquired after her old friend Wyndham, and learned that he had been absent on business, and had just returned to the city

"And while I think of it," continued his sister, "I have never given you the miniature he had painted for you so long ago. You know you told him it must be a bridal-pres-

"Oh, yes, I remember. I thought he had forgotten it!"

"It was not finished when you were married. By the way, do you know who paint-

"I do not; Wyndham said he should have it done by an Italian artist." "That was when the artist skulked in disguise as an Italian—under an assumed name, said Emily, maliciously.

"Not your husband-my cousin Herbert?" The very same! You did not know he added the accomplishment of painting likeesses to his music?"

'Indeed I did not!" "You will confess it now; for this is a cap-'I shall be so glad to have it! I will come

o-morrow and take it." "Nay, I brought it with me. I knew you would be here; and I felt guilty in keeping it so long. You must prize it doubly as a speciso long. You must prize it doubly as a specimen of Herbert's work, and a memento of an

She drew from her bosom a miniature set in gold, the rim surrounded by very small dia-monds. It was attached to a blue ribbon and hung like a locket. Emily pressed a spring and the lid flew open, disclosing the painting. Ruhama took it, and gazed long and earneston the pictured face

Neither of the ladies perceived that they were closely observed by a tall man standing near the door that opened into the hall; a gues

"How beautifully it is done!" cried Mrs. "I am glad you think first of the exquisite workmanship! Yes—it shows a master hand, and it is a splendid likeness, too."

"So it is. I remember when Wyndham had just that expression; the night I first told him of our little plot to surprise you into a pictu-

sque reunion with Herbert And when I thought he was making love "Oh, he never thought of that, I assure

"The luckier for him, then?" "You must thank him for me. "You must do that yourself. If you were not married, Ruhama, I should have had a

lock of his hair inserted, opposite the face." The General would have been angry. 'Is he jealous of you?" 'He thinks me a prize every one must cov

et," replied Ruhama, laughing. "And he takes good care I do not go astray. Papa told him I was a flirt, and that was very unkind of

Your father did not return with you?" "No; he is at Vienna. I do not expect him home this winter. Emily interrupted her by a faint cry.

"If there is not Claude Hamilton!" she ex-"Yes; he landed the day after we did-but from an English steamer," rejoined Mrs. Marsh. "How foreign-looking he is—with uch a growth of beard and mustache! Strange

that young men from America so soon take on French dress, habits and manners!" "Is there any truth in the rumor that he is ngaged to Miss Monelle, the rich young heir-

"I heard that, too! She and her father returned in the same ship, and he was very at-tentive to her in Paris. Yes; I think it will

He has forgotten his former flame—our friend, Miss Weston! "Ah, poor Olive! have you seen her late-

No; she has shunned society since her mo ther's death. I called on her and invited her to spend some weeks with me; but she refused, and never returned my visit, nor answered a friendly note I sent afterward.'

She may have left the city. "No; she accepted some situation—as nurse or companion—with an old invalid lady. Her acquaintances thought she wished to repel all their advances, and soon let her alone. It was

foolish on her part."
"Poor Olive! I should so like to see her!" Herbert St. Clare came up at this juncture, and Ruhama showed the miniature, and com-Herbert St. Clare came up at this juncture, and Ruhama showed the miniature, and complimented him on the painting. Then she closed the gold case and put it in her pocket.

"And you played the spy, coming here in this sly way, after saying you had to remain at home!" cried Ruhama, indignantly. "I am ashamed of you, General Marsh!"

Herbert offered his arm to his wife to lead her in to supper. Ruhama laughingly de-clined the offer of his left arm; for an army, she said, was in waiting for the honor of at-

And at the instant, the gentleman who had been conversing with Claude Hamilton, bow-ed to her, and solicited the honor. He had just parted with Claude, he said, and Mrs. Marsh wondered he had not come to pay his

respects to herself. You must excuse him," observed young Percival, with a meaning smile. "He did not find his lady-love here, and has gone in search

'His lady-love?" "Miss Monelle! You know of his engage-

ment to her?" 'I heard something of it." "He is hard hit; and no wonder! She is a

beauty, as well as an heiress."

Ruhama mused a little, and her thoughts ran back to the written declaration of love, and the mistake that had parted him and Olive. Tom should have made all that right," she said to herself; "and, with that unanswered, how could he transfer his devotion to another Had he been influenced by Olive's loss of fortune? Had he sought Miss Monelle for her wealth? If so, he ought to be despised?" She resolved to speak to Tom the first opportunity. She had that when Tom claimed the first dance after supper.

"Did I explain the blunder to Hamilton? Certainly; I wrote to him by the next steamer. Never got any reply. Very true; the letter may have failed to reach him; he was off on a yachting-tour with his friend Lord Adair. It is an awkward thing to speak of so long afterward, you know," Tom answered, stroking his tawny beard.

"And the poor girl in such changed circum stances," said Ruhama, with a sigh. "It is too late, especially if Claude has offered him self to another young lady.

"Not much doubt of that," opined the senentious Mr. Wyatt.

"You know it to be true, then?" "Heard he was her shadow in Paris and London; and they came home together. I have seen them twice, driving tete a-tele in the Park; and we all know that means business."
"I should not have thought it of him,"

mused the lady. Come now, Mrs. Marsh, would you have a fellow be doleful for a girl who cares nothing

for him? Don't be personal!"

Ruhama's dark cheeks flushed as she undertood the allusion to her own rejection of Tom's offered affection. She could not utter

They had passed out of the crowded rooms through one of the French windows, open to the ground, in the third parlor, and leading in-to the conservatory. This was filled with a dim, misty light, and the perfume of a thou-

Suddenly Ruhama heard a firm, me tep at her side, and saw her husband.

She gave a little shriek of surprise. He was looking very stern, and the frown gathered darkly on his brow.

"Am I an ogre, to terrify you, madam?" ne asked. "You appear so unexpectedly—so like a

ghost," said Ruhama, laughing. "I had no idea of seeing you here!" "No, I suppose not." The lady's arm dropped slowly from Wy att's, and the young man stepped back a single pace, involuntarily. The look of the husband embarrassed him. Was he displeased

at his leading Ruhama away from the dancers? Tom had a horror of scenes; and the feeling he still cherished taught him a chivalrous espect for the fair lady, and a dread of misinterpretation. The General bowed to him coldly, as if in-

timating that he would take charge of his wife, dispensing with his presence. As Tom stood still, the two others passed on into the shaded depths of the conservatory. Then Tom turned and went back into the drawing-The husband and wife were alone Ruhama, for once, felt embarrassed. She

began talking lightly of young Hamilton's sup-posed engagement, and his inconstancy to the You are right," observed the General odily. "Yes, there are memories time can

never obliterate; features that are treasured in the heart even when that is closed, and has

"What do you mean?" asked his wife The General stopped short, dropped her arm, and faced her sternly.
"I mean, madam," he answered, "that there

is no treachery like that by which a wife, who oves not her husband, betrays him she has sworn to love and honor! Whose miniature is that I saw you receive with such rapture a "Miniature?" echoed Ruhama, aghast at an expression she had never before seen in her

usband's face.

"Let me look at it, if you please. I would like to see the man v hom you honor by mak-ing him my rival in your affections." 'Arthur! I do not understand you!" cried he wife, with dignity, and stepping back.

This is strange language to use to me!"
"You have the picture about you. Let me I will not, unless you apologize for this in-

sult to me, sir. The General stooped a little, seized a bit of blue ribbon hanging from his wife's pocket, and drew out the miniature. She caught at the ribbon, but he was too quick for her

The case was in his hand, as he glared at She remembered now that he had once onfessed to her that he was subject to mad ealousy on the slightest cause; that he would not answer for any restraint of reason against this besetting sin

"How absurd!" she went on, "for you to be angry at such a trifle! The General opened the case, and glanced at

I thought so," he muttered. "He is the "Arthur! you are not a fool!" "No, madam; you can deceive me no long-

"That picture is Wyndham Blount's-"I am aware of that; he was your lover beore you married me!"
"He never was a suitor of mine! He was the brother of my intimate friend; he was lil e a brother to me.

"Say not a word, madam! You cannot deceive me, in the face of this!" "He promised me his miniature for my wedding gift; my cousin painted it. It was not finished in time; and his sister brought it to me to-night.'

'I saw her give it; I saw you receive it. That is enough.

" And how must I feel, madam, reading here the story of your shame and my dishonor? But calm your nervous excitement; I will not be made a public scorn for fools!

You deserve it, cruel and wicked that you are!" cried the young wife through her sobs. "Oh, if papa were here! You would not dare speak to me in this manner!"

"Your father countenanced your flirtations, but when you became a wife, they were outrages on decency. This is something more than one! When and where have you been meeting this man? He does not visit at my

"He has been absent; he has but lately returned. He visits me when he is in town—whenever I choose to see him!"

"I do not choose that you should receive him. What barefaced audacity! to send you his portrait! Had you any sense of the duties of a wife—of the honor of a matron, you would have spurned it!"

"But I prize it highly. Please return it to ne!" said the wife, scornfully, reaching out her hand for the case.

"You boast of your love for him, to my Even so, sir. Wyndham and I were school companions and brought up together. He is worthy of my esteem; much more so than you

are at present. That picture is my property; I demand it back." The irate General flung it on the stone floor, et his foot on it and ground it to pieces. The picture was stamped out of all semblance to humanity. Then he kicked away the frag-ments, and looked at his wife.

His expression might have terrified her, but

er spirit was in arms now.
"I hate you!" she hissed, in low tones of oncentrated bitterness. "I dare say," was the answer. "If you dare hold any communication with the original, he shall be served as I have served his picture."

"Coward! you would be afraid of him!
You can insult a woman—your wife—because
you think she is helpless. But you shall see
that I can find some one to protect me. I will not return to your house!

"You will go to Mr. Blount's?" "I will go wherever I please, to stay till pa-pa can come for me."

"Just now, madam, you had better return o the drawing-room. Ruhama flung off his proffered arm. Her olive cheeks were aflame; her eyes flashed de-

"You must be aware, madam, that an open rupture with your husband will expose you to the condemnation of the world; the scorn of your fashionable friends." 'I hate you!" reiterated the offended lady. "Do I not know that, to my cost?" cried the

husband, with an agonized break in his voice.

I know you never loved me; that you married me without love!" 'I married you to save my father!" "I know all that. He confessed it to me when we were in Paris. But he hoped you might learn the lesson of wifely affection. I

apped so, too, fool that I was, till my eyes were opened. But I will not be openly put to shame by your conduct.

"Do you mean to force me to go to your house, sir?" "No; I only advise your return, till your father's arrival, madam. I shall go there with you, but not stay at home to-night; and tomorrow I am going on a journey to occupy some weeks. By the time I come back, your plans may be arranged."

"I will not live with a man who makes my life wretched by his causeless jealousy," sobbed Ruhama.

"You shall not be coerced into living with me. You have only to avoid one man—you know whom. To have your name linked with his, when separated from your husband, is to consign your own to infamy. Bear that in mind, madam. Now, will you go back to the

company?" "No: I will not." "Better that your friends should not know, ast at present, that you have quarreled with

I will go to the dressing-room, and out that way," said Ruhama. 'Very well. I will conduct you. Take my

But she refused, angrily. The General walked by her side to the door of the dressingroom; waited for her, and when she came out escorted her with stately formality to the car-She stepped into it without accepting the aid of his arm, shut the door with a bang and flung herself on the back seat, weeping

enter. He gave orders to the coachman, and turned away as the carriage drove off. The husband went to a hotel for the night, and the wife, having reached her home, went up to her room, dismissed the maid who was waiting for her, and threw herself into an easy-chair by the window, which she opened, that the night air might cool her heated face. She found it difficult to realize that the

whole of her future life was changed by the

The General changed his mind, and did not

CHAPTER V. THE DEATHBED TRUST.

trivial occurrences of this evening.

OLIVE WESTON found it difficult to fulfill er intention of leaving the house of her friend, on the arrival of young Hamilton. The invalid lady, on receiving a hint of her design, not only opposed it vehemently, but seemed so wounded and grieved, that the girl dared not persist. She had become a necessity of life to the sufferer, whom she called her benefactress, though in her heart Mrs. Stanley regarded her She would have none but Olive to sit by her bed when illness attacked her, or to read, sing and play to her when she sat in her cushioned chair, or ventured into the parlor of an evening. She had grown to lean upon her youthful companion as if her very existence depended on her presence and care. the good-will of a kind patroness had succeeded the love of a fond mother. To part with Olive! it would kill her at once. Such a look of reproach, of sorrowful affection, of clinging, helpless dependence as she turned on the girl when her wish was intimated! It went to

Olive's heart at once. So she stayed on, week after week, become ing more and more necessary to Mrs. Stanley: more and more an object of grateful love. And she saw so little of Mr. Hamilton, the fear she had cherished grew less, and vanished altogether. They never met at meals, unless Mrs. Stanley was able to go to the late dinner, or served in the invalid's room; and Olive made her dinner at the two o'clock lunch, taking a cup of tea in the evening in her own or her

friend's room. She had heard the rumor of Claude's engagement to Miss Monelle, and believed it. He was out almost every evening; indeed, was seldom He, on his part, could not fail to see that Miss Weston shunned him, and he was

determined not to be in her way. She was a treasure to his aunt; he was glad of it; he would offend her sight as little as possible.

Olive to herself. Her heart was beating violently.

"I have wished only to see you united be-

Mr. Sherman, the trusted solicitor, came and went like one of the family. He often spent | Claude?"

idea with Mrs. Stanley that you should marry her nephew.

Olive looked up from her work, startled. Her face was flooded with crimson; but it soon receded, leaving her paler than before. "Pardon me; I am a plain, blunt lawyer. I thought it likely our friend might have con-

fided her plan to you."
"Indeed, sir, she has no such plan."

"I know that she has. But—you will excuse me—I was opposed to the idea.' "Pray, sir, do not jest on such a subject."
"I am not jesting. No; Hamilton is not the partner for you. He needs a woman of resolve; born to subdue; a leading mind."

"He is engaged, I hear, to Miss Monelle." "The heiress! She is not the sort of wo-man I should have thought would please him. She is frivolous and exacting. He would not

be happy with her." 'I hope he may be happy!" murmured Olive, speaking under her breath.
"And he will not need Monelle's money, be-

ing his aunt's heir; her heir-at-law, if she dies without a will."

"You may rely upon it, Mr. Hamilton has not sought the young lady for her money.'
"How do you know, my dear?" Because he is incapable of such a thing.

He is too noble; too disinterested." 'You are a kind advocate. But it is my opinion that he has done that very thing. Young men of the present day know the value

I cannot believe he has done it, sir." "Well, it is none of my business. Mrs. Stanley be down this evening?"

"I think not." "The doctor thinks her out of danger; but as her disease is of the heart, no one can tell when she may have another attack.'

"Oh, sir, I hope not! She has been brighter and better for some days, and I trust she will have no return of the pain from which she has suffered. Does she know of the visit of the man who

claims to be her brother?"

"She has known of it several days. I told her as soon as she could bear it. But she has not seen him.

"She had better not. It would do her harm. He is a scamp. His career in Cali-fornia was one of crime, and ended in a pri-He was leagued at one time with a gang of counterfeiters. For that he was sent to jail How terrible!

'Having served his time out, he comes here to be a burden to his sister; and a disgrace, too; for he may be seen almost any day at some low tavern, disgustingly drunk, boasting to the people at the bar that he is the rich Mrs. Stanley's brother.'

"She must not be told of this, sir." "No need of it. The rascal makes no secret of the fact that he is waiting for her death, to

secure the lion's share of her property."

Olive shivered. She could not bear allusion to an event she had so much dreaded.

"I want a good long talk with our friend on business. Do you think she can see me this 'I do not know, Mr. Sherman. I will see

if she is still asleep."

As she went out, the lawyer muttered as he

paced the room:

A fine girl; and she must not be unprovided for. I gave Mrs. Stanley a hint to that effect, and she took it kindly. She must put it in black and white. Nothing like being prepared for any event, and adding a codicil to a will does not hasten anybody's death."

Olive returned to say that the invalid would prefer Mr. Sherman to call the next He took his leave, saying he would come at eleven o'clock. But when that time arrived on the following day, and he pres ed himself, true to the appointment, the lady was in no condition to receive him.

A severe attack of her malady had seized or. It was controlled with difficulty, and left her in an exhausted state. The physic enjoined the utmost quiet, and strictly forbade his patient seeing any one but her faithful companion, besides the nurse. He no longer held out the hope of recovery to even partial health

All day sat Olive by the bedside, soothing the sufferer, holding her hand, or wiping the clammy dews from her forehead. on came more than once to the door, to be denied an entrance. All that day, and part of the night-the hour of slumber Olive sed on the lounge in a room adjoining—and all the next day.

Toward evening Mrs. Stanley's pain had left her, and she smiled sweetly on her young friend, and took from her hand a little n ment, looking in her face as the most affectionate mother might regard a beloved child.

Tell Claude I will see him, when he come again," she said, cheerfully. The nurse went for him, and Olive rose to

"Stay, my child!" called Mrs. Stanley.
"You must not leave me!"

Mr. Hamilton is coming-

"But you need not go away. I would rather have you here. Stay, child." The girl obeyed; but retreated to the other

side of the room when Claude entered. He was warmly attached to his aunt, and had deeply mourned her illness. It was a deep proved. He sat beside her, congratulated her, and expressed his ardent hopes of her speedy

"That may not be, my dear boy," she said, softly. "I feel that my days are numbered. She went on to talk of various little matters she wished attended to, chiefly concerning her objects of charity. Olive drew her chair so that the bed-curtain screened her from observation, and wept silently. She saw herself about to be cast back into the friendless des lation she had experienced, and reproached herself for allowing thoughts of self to mingle with grief for the friend she was about to

In the silence Mrs. Stanley's words became distinctly audible. She was speaking to her

nephew I have known of your love"—she was saying—"of one worthy of all affection. It was the dream of my life to see you happy. I know you will cherish her, Claude; I do not ask any promise.

The young man bowed his face over his

"And I know her deep affection for you, my boy; it has been a tried and faithful at-"She is speaking of Alice Monelle," said

fore I am taken from you. Cannot that be,

went like one of the family. He often spent the evening with them, and sometimes talked confidentially with Olive, when the invalid was confidentially with Olive, when the invalid was a sleep in her chamber.

"You are afraid of exciting me," answered the invalid. "There is no danger; it can the invalid. "There is no danger; it can the invalid." asleep in her chamber.

"You are afraid of exciting me," answered the invalid. "There is no danger; it can make no difference. I wish I could see you—heavy—"

happy-happy-" A paroxysm of gasping seized her. Claude started up with a cry of alarm. Olive rushed to the bed, and held to the invalid's pale lips the cordial she always took when those attacks came on. Holding her head against her own shoulder, she whispered that the excitement had been too much for her, and Mr. Hamilton nad better retire.

But the invalid held out her hand to detain him. "Stay, Claude," she murmured, and caught his hand. With the other she clasped

Raising herself upright, she suddenly brought their hands together, placing the girl's in that of her nephew. "God bless you both!" she murmured, pressing them in both her own, and repeating the blessing, while a seraphic smile illumined her face.

Then she sunk slowly back. Olive caught

and supported her. Her eyes were closed, her lips were parted; yet she breathed softly.
"Has she fainted?" asked the young man,

bending over her. 'No; but she is exhausted," returned Olive. 'Pray excuse me, Mr. Hamilton, if I ask you not to remain. She will go to sleep now."

He stepped back from the bed, his eyes fixed on the young girl, who did not once look up. She was arranging the pillows, and placing the invalid in a comfortable position. When she turned to take her own place by the bed she saw the door close on the nephew, who had

gone out quietly.

He muttered as he went to his room: "It is strange that she has so set her heart on my marriage, and does not see that I am an object of aversion, not of regard! Poor soul! I could not undeceive her!"

He felt deeply humiliated; yet with an undercurrent of resentment. How had he deserved scorn and contempt? His spirit rose in rebellion. The girl need not, he thought, take such pains to show him that she would accept no tender of his affection. He would not in-

cur the danger of a repulse. Olive sat and mused by the sleeping patient. She took her treacherous heart to task.

"Am I weak enough to feel wronged!" she said to herself. She felt humbled by the discovery of her heart's falsehood. It would not be swayed by her pride! With the shame she cowered under was blended a feeling of anger toward young Hamilton. How mad was the dream she had once indulged! How delusive the happiness she could not help feeling, born of his mere presence, which, like the spring sun, had awakened her from torpor into life She would crush down the feeling; she would dispel the dream; she would remember that he would be happy with another!

Later in the evening Mrs. Stanley was awake, and feeling better. She made Olive sit by her as usual, and tea was brought up to her. The invalid partook of the repast. Then she began to talk, and Olive could not restrain her. She expressed her earnest desire for a union between the girl and her nephew. She had known of Claude's attachment before he went abroad; she knew that he was faithful to it still. She had read the hearts of both-

Here Olive interrupted her, laying her hand on her friend's, and speaking with difficulty amid choking emotion. Mrs. Stanley was utterly mistaken; she averred Mr. Hamilton did not care for her; he was averse to her rather than otherwise. She implored her dearest friend, as the only favor she had ever craved at her hands, not to speak again of this matter; never again to allude to it. She might be assured it could never be!

boy too well to doubt nt. "And you—I may him." answered his aunt. be mistaken in you. Speak frankly, Olive, do you dislike him?"

Dearest Mrs. Stanley, it is not for me to have any thoughts of your nephew!" almost sobbed the girl, averting her face. "Olive, you must tell me the truth. Do you not owe that to me?"

I owe you everything, my beloved friend!" "If you do not love my nephew, you have made me wrong him! I acted on that pre-sumption. I have robbed him of his rights if

The girl did not understand her words. Never mind; you will soon know what I Answer me as you would at the day of judgment, girl: do you love Claude, or do

The poor girl fell on her knees beside the bed, and her clasped hands hid her face.

"Answer before it is too late for me to do him justice! The truth, girl!"

Oh, madam, I dare not deceive you!" "I have been deceived, if my judgment has been wrong. Tell me the truth. Remember, am on my deathbed."

One wild, scared look the kneeling girl gave her benefactress. She saw a deathly pale face, with fixed, eager eyes devouring with white, quivering lips, as in the act of adjuration.

I do-I do-love him!" she faltered while she buried her burning face in the bedclothes. The invalid passed her hand caressingly over the bowed head. In broken tones she faltered

Now you know my secret!" wailed the girl, at length lifting up her face. "It has humbled me in the dust to own it—but you bade me speak the truth!"

"And you did right, my dear child."
"It is to you alone I have confessed it!" sobbed the girl. "I should die of shame if he knew it. Oh, Mrs. Stanley, promise me that "I should die of shame if he of protection from him. you will not tell him!"

"There will be no need. It will all be right "I could not bear that he should despise me

But I was not always a poor dependent, you know. He knew me in better days." 'Hush, child. Sit in the chair, and hold my hand. Never talk of being a dependent

again. As Olive resumed her seat there was a tap at the door. A servant entered with a letter on a salver. It was addressed to his mistress.

read it. Then she pressed Olive's hand, and pade her open one of the drawers of a cabinet standing opposite the bed. In it was a small ebony box, under the tray of which was a package of bank-notes

She selected several of these, and made the off on a run, with the exclamation girl inclose them in a thick envelope. inderstood her intention. It was not the first time she had answered the demands of her half brother, by sending him money without consulting her solicitor.

The envelope was sealed and directed to 'Richard Lumley."

its place, and the drawer locked. "I want you to do something else for me, my child," said Mrs. Stanley.

The girl bent her head to listen 'You know the old Indian cabinet in one of the recesses of the library?" 'I know which you mean. It is kept lock-

'Yes, dear. It is too large a piece of furniture for a bedroom, and is full of old papers and quaint curiosities, not opened this many a There is a secret compartment in the right hand upper drawer. That drawer, you will notice, is very deep. You must feel along the back till you touch a flat steel button, and then press the spring. That will bring out the compartment. Do you understand?"

Yes, madam, perfectly. "You will find some papers there, put away for safe-keeping. My lawyer knows of them; not Mr. Sherman, but Abel Reynolds. These papers are not to be touched. But there is a package of letters with California postmarks Those letters I want destroyed without any one seeing them.

understand, dear Mrs. Stanley.' "You must be particular to destroy that packet of letters; to let no one see them when am gone. They are memorials of the crimes and punishment of one near of kin to me. wish I could as easily efface the record of his wrongdoing; but God may grant him repent ance and reform. You will do as I tell you?"

"Be sure I will. Shall I do it to-night?"
"Not to-night. I may want to refer to
them if he should cause me trouble. Not while I live, dear child. But give no one a chance to see them when I am gone."
"I will not. But, dearest friend, do not

speak as if you were going to leave me.' Her voice was broken by fresh sobs.

"There, do not weep, my poor child! I am satisfied now. We will talk no more on agitating subjects. Here is the key of the Indian abinet, and of the drawer. Keep them about

She drew out from a pocket in the bosom of her dressing-gown two keys, fastened to a ribbon, which she put into Olivo's hand. The girl put them in her bosom, securing the ribbon to her brooch

Shortly afterward the invalid sunk into a alm sleep, watched over by her loving young

(To be continued—commenced in No. 281.)

# Tiger Dick:

THE CASHIER'S CRIME A TALE OF MAN'S HATE AND WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

CHAPTER XIII. THE TIGER CAGED.

WHEN Shadow Jim returned to the cave, after his summary dismissal of Pat Donovan, he found Florence unconscious from the influen of the drug, and Tiger Dick given over to such a fit of conviviality as he had never before seen upon him. Jim, never loath to "place himself on a footing with the gods," joined him; and when he rose to go on a reconno sance to the city, though his own well-season ed brain knew no such thing as succumbing, he left the Tiger "on high Olympus."

Shadow Jim felt no qualms of conscience at leaving a helpless girl in the power of the drunken flend he had just quitted. As he ex-pressed it, "he played his own hand, and calculated to put a head on the sharp that didn't

foller suit. It was well nigh daylight when he entered the city, and some time after sunrise his new disguise enabled him to pass the stables where Pat Donovan stayed, and here he saw the hound lying in his accustomed place, while a hostler

Then Shadow Jim set himself to ascertain the whereabouts of Cecil. Within an hour he was in possession of the facts that were spreading like wildfire through the city. Then he

set out on his return to the cave. Meanwhile, Charley Brewster had been among those earliest informed of Cecil's return. He burst in upon the detective with the exclamation:

Draper, you're right; he's alive!" Who's alive? Not-Cecil Beaumont! He is now in Mr. Powell's house.

The deuce he is!" The detective stared at Charley in blank amazement. He came back last night, and is now in a state of delirium.'

'Jim-jams?" No; he is insane." "Fudge! Brewster, that's a lay."

"You wouldn't think so, if you were to see "Yes. He is all the time raving about Ti-

ger Dick and Fred Powell and Miss Goldthorp. Miss Powell is the only one who can keep him quiet. I may as well tell you that she was en-The deuce she was! Why, he ruined her

brother, and would have let him hang." "She hasn't an idea of the sort. She thinks that he has been in some way persecuted by Tiger Dick.

Fish! Those devils were hand and glove ten years ago. They have been working to-gether in this whole affair, depend upon it. But has Miss Goldthorp returned?" "No; nothing has been heard of her. Cecil

keeps linking her name with Tiger Dick's, all the time warning her of him, or assuring her "Look here, Brewster, there's some devil-

ment behind this "It looks a great deal like it, certainly. He's got a blue line across his breast, that he says is the mark of a bullet fired from Tiger

Dick's hand." "By Jove, Brewster, those devils have had a split, and it's over this girl. I'm going to have another lay for this slippery gentleman, and if I don't bag him this time I'm a long way out of my calculations."

The detective sprung to his feet. Charley

ma salver. It was addressed to his mistress. was quick to take the infection; and a few minutes later Detective Draper's select force was on its way toward Tiger Dick's retreat, under two very sanguine leaders. On their way Draper suddenly cried

"Halt!" The next instant he fired his pistol and set "Shadow Jim, by the Almighty!

Rallied by Charley Brewster, the whole force joined in the pursuit. But Shadow Jim agony of spirit, but did not interrupt it by and the detective soon outstripped the rest, and were lost to view in the undergrowth

Then the rest of the money was restored to led his command straight for the opening, hoping to cut off Shadow Jim. There he was joined by Draper, who was not a little chagrined to have to report that the slippery outlaw had succeeded in eluding him.

'Anyway," said the detective, "we've headed him off; and his running to this hole in the ground shows that here's where we're going to find Tiger Dick. You, Davis and Thompson, stay outside, and shoot the devil if he shows his nose. It won't do to let him escape this Now, men, steady, and we'll bag him."

This hunting human game was new to Charley Brewster's experience, and he trembled with excitement, as he followed the de-tective through the dark and silent passage.

A faint glimmer of light from a dark-lantern thrown on their pathway enabled them to advance without making a noise by stumbling. But it was an unnecessary precaution; for as they turned the first angle a wild burst of laughter came echoing and re-echoing down

the gallery, sounding hollow and weird.
"That's our game!" whispered Draper, now advancing more rapidly and with less cau-

Suddenly a woman's cry arose, with terror and rage and despair all blended in one. Charley Brewster sprung by the detective, and turning a second angle came into view of the lighted cave within. Looking down the passage he was traversing, and across the lighted chamber, he saw Florence Goldthorp thrust Tiger Dick against the wall and snatch her dress out of his hands. Then she ran across the chamber, passing from view at one side, but immediately reappearing at the mouth of the gallery, torch in hand, just in time to meet

Charley Brewster. Up went her hand—there was a blinding flash—a deafening concussion—a scorching puff of smoke and fire in his face—and he staggered back against the detective! Then all was wrapped in Stygian darkness; and Charley Brewster felt a wild thrill of heart, as he thought that he had passed the bound that

parts the Here from the Hereafter. "Lights, men, lights!" cried a voice that sounded far away; and immediately half a dozen dark-lanterns flashed upon the gloom and Charley Brewster saw dimly the form of Florence Goldthorp lying motionless at his eet, and further in the cave Tiger Dick upon his feet, staring in amazement and terror completely sobered by this unexpected inter-

"Stand still there, sport," chuckled the tri umphant detective. "I reckon your little game's about played. We've bagged you this

time, sure!' The Tiger made a motion as if to draw a

"Hands to the front!" rung out the clear metallic voice. "We've got a masked battery behind here, that'll soon put an end to all your troubles, if you're anxious to go from this weary world of care."

The Tiger desisted from his purpose, blanch-

ing, visibly, as the muzzle of a pistol was thrust forward until the light from one of the bull's-eyes fell upon it. While he was in a flood of light, his assailants were wholly invisible to him. He could see nothing but those eyes of flame and the black muzzle of the pis-

I guess you've heard of me before," pur sued the detective, stepping forward into the range of light. "They call me Jim Farns-worth when I'm at home."

"Yes, I've heard enough of you," replied the Tiger, with an oath. "But not as much as you are destined to hear," said the detective, meaningly, drawing a pair of handcuffs from his pocket

At this Tiger Dick changed color, and made another motion toward resistance. 'Hands above your head!" cried Farnsworth, as we now know him, bringing his pistol and love and happiness.

n a line with Tiger Dick's forehead. With an oath of impotent rage, the outlaw Then the detective stepped forcomplied. ward and disarmed him, following it up by snapping the cuffs on his wrists, and Tiger Dick was a captive.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TIGER'S LAST CARD.

CHARLEY BREWSTER and detective Farns worth had the management of a little surprise party (so they said) at Mr. Powell's residence. Through the influence of Charley, every one was banished from the parlors and the library cross the hall, until all was in readiness.

There was an undercurrent of great satisfac ion and joy in Charley's bearing that partialy drew the banker out of his grief in spite of nimself, and filled him with a vague anxiety not unmingled with an indefinite hope. when he entered the front parlor, cut off from the back one by the now closed folding-doors, and saw no one there, he turned upon Charley with a look of disappointment and inquiry May, Mr. Carrington and Mr. Creswell also stood in silent expectation.

'Be seated," said Charley, his face all aglow with suppressed happiness; but there was a tinge of pain, too, as he glanced at May's pale face and unnaturally brilliant eyes-"be seated. My friend here, Mr. Farnsworth, has a of insanity in his hollow eyes. story to tell you.

Perhaps I can produce a substitute, from whose lips the narrative will be more acceptable to you," said the detective; and, rising, he crossed the hall and opened the library door. There was the sweep of a robe, and then Florence Goldthorp entered, pale, yet radiantbeautiful. Mr. Creswell sprung up and caught her in his arms.

Why, pet!" he cried, "is it you?—alive and His tears and kisses fell upon her hair, for

he loved her like a father.

Next Mr. Carrington arose, and grasped hands, and holding her at arm's-length, gazed upon her with emotions almost too deep for expression. Then he drew her to him and touched his lips to her forehead. "I cannot tell you," he said, "how I have

mourned Charley's child, during these three terrible days! Mr. Powell, too, received her with feeling for she had loved Fred, and trusted him against

foreboding of evil. When they were somewhat composed, Flor-Before telling you about myself, I wish to

give you a little previous history, which is the real beginning of the whole affair." Then she related all of Cecil Beaumont's seized me and bound me with the plot, up to that fearful night at Dead Man's fire. Are they creatures of his?"

Bluff, telling her own deductions, what had been ascertained by detective Farnsworth, and of anguish. Cecil's own confession to her. During this recital, May Powell writhed in

word or sign. 'In confirmation of the story thus far," said As the chase had deviated from a direct line the detective, "I wish to produce two witto the cave, Charley gave over the pursuit and | nesses."

He stepped into the library and brought forth Tiger Dick and Billy Saunderson, the former in heavy irons and guarded by a policeman on either side. As for the "decoy duck, ne had been thoroughly cowed by the fall of his principal, and had confessed everything.

Tiger Dick laughingly confirmed Florence's story, adding some facts which were unknown "But, dear madam," he added, with un-

abashed effrontery, "believe me, that my hostility to Mr. Powell arose, more than half, from a conviction that an angel like yourself ought to be saved from such a soft-pated milk Had not be insulted me in your presence might never have thought of injuring him. He pitched the trump and I played my hand on it; and as by this time he is food for the crows, I think I've got my share of the tricks." Florence first crimsoned with indignation,

overtaken her lover. "Go on with the business in hand, if you please, Mr. Tiger," said the detective, with a "It seems to me that you are flying the track in these gratuitous remarks."

"Oh, certainly," replied the Tiger, pleasant-

and then paled at the hint of the fate that had

y; and he then proceeded to relate the blacker plot conceived at Dead Man's Bluff, after the His auditors listened with horror to the fiendish details. When he came to Fred's ex-

posure to the murderous pursuit of McFarland and O'Toole, the father burst forth: 'My God! and has my wronged boy fallen by the hands of these blood-thirsty assassins?"
"They're old hands at the business, and

usually do their work up brown," chuckled the liger, enjoying his anguish. The detective frowned angrily, and said, in

"Mr. Powell, three days ago your son was een in the streets of St. Louis, but escaped again. What probability is there that those cut-throats were more vigilant than the police orce there?"

This was a partial relief; and Florence now resumed the story, narrating her abduction and escape. It would be hard to describe May's feelings. She sat with her head bowed upon her arms,

as they rested on the table, as motionless as a All the others gathered about Florence, and ongratulated her on her providential rescue.
"If dear Fred were only here," she said,

while she mingled her tears with theirs, "our happiness would be complete." F.orence!" came a voice that sounded like a sigh breathing through the room.

She started and looked around, with a quick

color in her cheeks. "That was surely Fred's voice!" she said, in a whisper.

Charley Brewster flung back the folding-

doors, and there, in the back parlor, lay Fred on a sofa, pale and thin, yet with a great happiness beaming in his face.
"Fred! Fred! Oh, he is safe!" cried Florence, and with a bound she was at his side on

her knees, with his head clasped in her arms, raining tears and kisses on his face. "Bless you, my darling!" responded the happy lover; "you always loved me! you

trusted me through all!" "Fred!" whispered his overjoyed sweetheart, with her lips to his ear, "you are thin and worn; but I will nurse you—oh, how I will

And she cuddled his head closer and let her nappy tears fall on his emaciated cheeks. Oh, I am well already, sweet!" he replied. The very sight of you had cured me.

But others claimed their share of attention, and Florence yielded at last. 'Frederick, my son, can you ever forgive me?" said the father, overcome with remorse

"It was our very love for you, boy, that made us so hard on you. The enormity of it, in you, crushed us," said the grandfather, in humiliation at his almost fatal mistake. "Father-grandfather-say no more," re plied the generous Fred. "I see how you have suffered. I never knew the depth of your

love for me until now. May, have you no welcome for me?" She stood gazing at him in bewilderment, but at his words aroused herself with a start, and the next moment fell upon his neck in wild hysterics. It seemed as if the floodgates of her soul were opened, so unrestrained was

her weeping. And Charley Brewster-his heart was wrung with sympathy for her. When she was more calm, Fred told how that detective Farnsworth's men had found him by tracking McFarland and O'Toole, fortunately coming up with them at the station, and then following them to their discovery of Fred. They were overpowered, and the wounded Fred put under medical care, and his

recovery secured. But another part of the drama was in progress. Tiger Dick had ground his teeth in impotent rage when he learned of Fred's deverance from his machinations. Then the detective had prepared to remove him. But a form appeared in the doorway. It was Cecil Beaumont, with haggard cheeks, and the fires

'Ha! ha! Tiger Dick," he laughed, "you have made a devil of me; take your reward! The barrel of a pistol flashed in the light of the chandelier; the hammer descended; but there was no report. With an oath, Cecil Beaumont drew trigger again, with no better success. It had been discovered that he had a pistol beneath his pillow, and lest he should do harm with it, it had been removed; but upon discovering the absence of the weapon, he had unharmed? Thank God for His great good- raved about it until they had been obliged to restore it, first however taking the precaution to remove the powder and ball from the cartridge, so as to leave it the appearance of being oaded, while it was in reality harmless. Now several of the detective's force threw themselves upon him, and he was secured in irons.

"Well, pard," laughed the Tiger, sneeringly, we're like a pair of trussed turkeys, eh?" "Unhand me, villains! Oh, gods! for one grip at his throat!" shrieked the madman, struggling to free himself.

Cecil! Cecil!" spoke a voice, and a hand was laid on his arm. "Ah! May, is it you?" he asked, becom hope. And May!—she embraced her and returned her kiss with a strange, shuddering calm in an instant. And then in a hushed whisper, while his eyes glared at the Tiger like living coals: "May, he must be allied with the levil; I have heard of such things. Did you

see me? I fired at him twice. I could not

have missed him at such a distance; yet the shots had no effect. And then these fiends seized me and bound me with these rings of "Hush, Cecil, hush!" she said, with a sob 'My daughter, come away. This is no

place for you," said Mr. Powell, taking May sadly by the arm, and regarding Cecil with a

Father, do not interfere with me. You do not know what you are doing. Mr. Powell looked at her in dismay, but

"Is that your father, May?" asked the maniac, and without waiting for an answer, ad-

"Sir, I do not attempt to extenuate my ime. I have listened and heard it all rehearsed to you by yonder fiend. But do not trust him implicitly. Listen to my defense. As ever before, he first incited me to the conspiracy against your son. Listen!
"Ages and ages ago, when we were on earth,

my restless spirit fell a prey to that excitement that induced men to leave home and everything that they most prized, and go in quest of for the last time. I lost! Ah! the devil helpgold, that yellow gold that turned men's ed his own-his ally won! brains. But I did not go alone. I had a cousin. Oh, how I loved him!—loved him, did I say? Ah! he was my other self! They were stain on my soul! He had filled my veins with sisters—his mother and mine—and brought us the fires of hell. My brain seethed and whirlup in the love which they felt for each other.

I have said he was my other self. It was literally true in point of physical appearance. We were so like that our nearest friends could distinguish us only by a sear on Tom's lip, the result of an accident in boyhood. But while I was wild and wayward, he was gentle and good. Yet this very difference drew us all the nearer together in our love.

"I could not go without him. I represented to him the marvelous wealth that we might amass in the new Eldorado, where men arose in the morning penniless, and went to bed at night worth millions; I told him of the comforts and luxuries with which he would be able to surround his mother when he returned, a man with his fortune made, after an absence of two or three years. Then I saw his eyes sparkle and the color come into his cheek, and

I knew he would go. "We went; and there I met yonder demon. From the day that his basilisk eyes first rested upon me, I was doomed. They called him King Monte; and in the wild orgies over which he presided, all that was good in my nature was burned out by the liquid hell that I took in at my mouth. Oh! those days of remorse and agony, and those nights of hellish excitement, when I would have staked my soul on the turn of a card! And Tom, he clung to me and pleaded with me, and even wept over my destruction. And this demon sat slowly turning the cards, ever with that fiendish smile on his countenance, ever with his eyes burning in to my soul and filling my veins with liquid fire! And day by day the accursed appetite for alcohol grew upon me; and every day saw me more confirmed in that madness which

"Then, when I was wrecked in body and soul, and a beggar-when I was on the verge of delirium tremens, and the very clothes on my back were mine only on sufferance—they had been won—ha! ha! won by yonder smiling fiend, who generously forebore to assert his rights and leave me naked—in such a state Tom came to me, and with tears in his eyes, and adjuring me in the name of the dear ones we had left, begged me to cut loose from the influences that were dragging me to perdition and go with him. He had found gold enough to make us both rich. It was ready at our hand. We had but to take possession of it, and then return home, with our highest anticipations more than realized. He would share it with me freely; but knowing my weakness, he first exacted a promise of total abstinence from liquor and a renunciation of gambling for once and all.

"Who could have resisted his appeal? I promised. Ah! how light a thing is a promise—a mere breath. Then he took me to an old, abandoned shaft in the mountains, which appeared not to have been visited for years. There he had found a cache containing gold enough for both our fortunes, and near it lay a skeleton, doubtless the remains of the luck less miner, who had not lived to take away the treasure that he had accumulated.

'Again, how light a thing is a promise!spider's web to bind a maniac! With the posssion of gold, came again, with power intensified by the very barrier that stood in the way of its indulgence, as rushing waters pile up before an obstruction, the insane longing to again tempt the goddess of fortune. multiply words? He found me again at the accursed board. In my madness I had awakened the suspicions of my destroyer touching

our discovery of a great treasure.
"Then Tom forced me away. For once his gentle nature, smarting under a sense of wrong and treachery, asserted itself. He reproached me with the folly and ingratitude that would ruin not only myself but him. And then—oh, God!—I struck him. I have told you that I was on the verge of delirium tremens; I was crazed with remorse and shame; I hated myself for my baseness; and in my agony I knew not what I did. I struck him; he reeled and fell, down, down, into that yawning shaft! Oh, what a look he gave me, as he toppled over into that abyss! It haunted me all through the years of torture that followed; its reproachful eyes looked sorrowfully at me in moments of remorse; its terror-struck face arose amid the demon conjurations of delirium, goading me deeper and deeper into the maelstrom of dis sipation in the vain struggle to elude a specter that ever followed.

'Ha! See! 'Tis he! Tom! Tom! you know I loved you! You know that I would have stricken off my right hand before it should have injured you! Forgive me! forgive me Tom! Do not look at me like that! I tell you it was not I; it was the demon that possesse me! Oh, Heaven! he will not listen to me! Oh! those eyes of fire! how they burn and sear my soul! Take him away! Oh, God! take him away!"

The maniac shrunk, cowering and shivering, with his hands over his eyes. "Cecil! Cecil!" whispered May, "be calm.

He is gone." The maniac clung to her hand, and, shrink ing close to her side, said:

May, you will not let him come again? You will not let him look at me with those eves? I did not mean to kill him. You will tell him, May, if he comes?

"Yes-yes?" whispered the agonized girl, gazing with love and pity and sorrow upon the wreck before her.

Then he resumed his story.

What happened next I do not know; only this demon was hovering about me. He haunted me day and night. His baleful eyes never for a moment relaxed their eager searching in my brain for the secret of my hidden wealth —that gold all reeking with the blood of him whom I loved best of all the world! Waking or sleeping, his fetid breath was ever on my cheek, his ear over at my lips—waiting, waiting for the secret! And all the time he kept luring me into the old snare. And he made the wine flash and sparkle, until the demon of appetite burst its chains, and in desperation l grasped the cup. Then how he chuckled and laughed! He knew that he had me then. I was in a whirling hell of excitement, and soon sat at the table opposite him. I bet upon one

there was an unutterable depth of woe in her face that awed him into unquestioning com-But I lost. Every time turned up something else, until he refused to take my word longer. I was mad. I thought that one more chance would surely win. Then he proposed that the stake be my secret. I refused. He charged me point-blank with the murder of my cousin. He saw me cower beneath his eye. Then he proposed that my secret be pitched against his If I won I should go free. If he won then my secret and half of my gold. Ah! that gold!—that blood-dripping gold! I would have given it all for one moment of peace! We played. I staked all upon the same card

"Then he chuckled, he laughed, he taunted me with the blood on my hands-the crimson ed in delirium. Goaded to madness by his sneers and fiendish triumph, I shot him and fled. Ha! ha! how I laughed, as I clutched my gold and thought of him as writhing in the

agonies of death! "But I had not escaped him. His spirit was added to Tom's. The one was an angel, the other a devil. The one looked sorrow and reproach; the other was a frowning Nemesis, ever thirsting for revenge. Together they haunted me by day, and in my sleep they fill-

ed my dreams with horror and agony. "One day, after years of mad revel in the very center of the maelstrom, my evil genius confronted me in the streets of New York, and I knew that my bullet had not done its work. Then I fled, I know not how; for the delirium vas upon me, and for weeks I lay just between life and death.

"When reason again asserted herself I found myself watched over by an angel. A Quakeress, they called her, but she will ever be an angel to me. She drew my feet from the tangled way, and I resolved to begin life anew. When I was healed I came to you, and you know how well I kept my resolve. I did keep it, until an evil hour drew me into speculation in grain-that other and respectable form of gambling. Then, when the firm ground of principle and uprightness was sinking beneath me, this demon again found me

"To claim, at last, his long-deferred re-

It was Tiger Dick's voice that rung through the room in clarion tones. He had watched his opportunity and snatched a pistol with his manacled hands. A sharp report blended with his words; and as he was borne to the ground by the detective's force who threw themselves upon him, Cecil Beaumont reeled and fell upon his face, stone dead, with a bullet through his heart!

A woman's cry arose amid the confusion of exclamations. May Powell gazed for a moment in stunned bewilderment, and then fell across the body of the man who had injured her so deeply-upon whom she had lavished

all the wealth of her heart! Charley Brewster sprung forward and lifted her in his arms, and with a sinking heart and swimming brain bore her to her chamber. A thin stream of blood issued from between her lips and stained her pillow-she had ruptured a blood-vessel.

Frantically he fled down the stairs and out of the house for a doctor; but it was of no avail. She lay upon her pillow like a broken Her father held her hand. She pressed it and looked as if she wished to speak. He bent his lips to her ear and caught the whis-

'Father. I loved him!" Then her grasp relaxed, and she was free from her sorrow.

Detective Farnsworth finished the interrupted story, telling how the generous Tom, forgiving all his wrongs, had gone in search of Cecil (whose real name was Ernest Elroy) in order to relieve the anxiety of a heartbroken mother. The detective was after Tiger Dick on account of a murder which had forced him to fly from California. Farnsworth and Tom Tracy had been in communication with each other; and when the latter ran across the Tiger he telegraphed for the detective, who arrived only to find his colleague buried in the place of the cousin of whom he

A long line of carriages wound through the cemetery, and May Powell, the loving and wronged, was laid in her peaceful rest; and, as the man of God said in a solemn tone: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!" and the clods fell upon the coffin-lid, Charley Brewster covered his white face with his hands, with a

feeling of utter desolation and awe. Afterward, when a marble shaft pointed heavenward above the loved remains, Fred and

Florence stood beside it. "Florence," he said, "I see in this the fruits of my sin. But for my weakness, all this trouble could not have come upon us, and

she would still be among us."
"Hush, Fred," she replied; "we are all in His hands. We cannot retrieve the past by useless repinings.'

"No; but we may shape the future. And here I promise you that never while life lasts shall another drop of liquor pass my lips,"

She looked up at him with a sudden radiance, and as she pressed his arm, said: "God has answered my prayer!"

Tiger Dick was taken back to the scene of his early crime, and there paid the penalty. His accomplices, McFarland and O'Toole, ended their career with that relic of barbarism, a onfession from the scaffold, while the "decoy duck" was given ample opportunity to meditate on the way of the transgressor behind the Jimmy Duff still "slings the whisky bars. at his "end of the shop," but a new man "manipulates the pasteboards" in the place of Tiger Dick. As for Shadow Jim, his tlety enabled him to elude pursuit; and after following the fortunes of Tiger Dick to their fall, he "went West," to find a fertile field for the exercise of his peculiar genius in the checkered life of the Rocky Mountains, where he put into practice much that he had learned from the experience of his fallen master.

It is a year since last we saw our friends. The organ is filling the brilliantly-lighted and densely-thronged edifice with softest music. There is a rustle of satin, and the bridal cortege passes up the aisle to the altar. Charley Brewster is groomsman, with a half-sigh of tender melancholy as his thoughts go out to May. Mr. Carrington gives away the bride. He claims it as his right, his last act of affection for the Charley of his boyhood's friendshuffling the cards, and clinking the gold, and ship. Mr. Powell looks on, proud in his son, and happy in the daughter he is giving him

The organ bursts into the glad peal of the wedding march, and Fred and Florence have found recompense for all their sufferings. THE END.

#### MORNING SYMBOLS.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

"This world is a parable—the habitation of symbols—the phantoms of spiritual things immortal shown in material shape."—LE FANU. "My heart Swelled in my breast. "I have been dead," I cried And now I live." "—WORDSWORTH.

In the morn's exceeding luster, Sitting where the flowers cluster, Blooms of every pleasant fragrance, And all colors fair and bright, In continuous wreaths adorning This, the festive bower of morning, Gazed I on a scene of beauty Smiling in the gorgeous light.

In the arbor where I rested.
Through the trailing vines invested
With unusual beauty, borrowed
From the glory of the hour,
Came the sunlight, rosy-fingered,
Like a painter, where it lingered,
Giving rarer hues and texture
Unto every leaf and flower.

To the northward, waters leaping
Down the circling hills, were peeping,
With a weird and varied luster,
Through the branches of a wood;
And, in plumes the scene befitting,
Birds from bough to bough were flitting,
Giving life and wondrous beauty
To the verdant solitude.

To the southward, fair before me Lay the sea, in all the glory Of the morning sky outspreading, Like a boundless field of light; With a smooth and tranquil motion, O'er that splendid field of ocean Moved the barks, sustained and wafted By their airy wings of white.

Eastward, westward, wide-extending, And in either distance blending With the hues of clear horizons, Lay a fair and shining plain, Where, in bright and varied order, From the hill's encircling border To the curving line of ocean, Waved the yet unripened grain.

And, the source of all the glory Of the lovely scene before me— Over land and sky and ocean, Life and beauty in its ray, Over forest, field and mountain, Over flower and bird and fountain, With a luster all unclouded Shone the eastward orb of day.

Scene with peace and brightness laden,
In thy symbols saw I Aden—
For to me awhile lay open
All the inner life of things—
While the angels, in their duty,
Vitalized these forms of beauty,
Making all a joy and blessing
By their tender minist'rings.

As I sat in happy musing,
Free from earthly thoughts confusing,
God to me, through this sweet vision,
Deigned his heavenly peace to give;
Then my mind beheld him clearly,
Then my heart embraced him dearly,
And, for all the after ages,
Then my soul began to live.

### Only a Flirtation.

BY H. M. GEORGE.

"WELL, Earle, it seems that we are to lose You have snapped at the bait held so and that you will be all mine again. alluringly before you, and have allowed your self to be caught by a stray curl, a smile, and a pair of dark eyes turned bewitchingly upon rou. The tempter has been caught, and Florence Dinsmore is triumphant. I congratulate

The handsome lips of Cecil Hamilton curled sarcastically as he spoke thus to his friend, Earle Trevor. The two young men were sitting on the piazza of Beach Cliff Hotel, enjoying an afternoon smoke, as we introduce them

"You do her injustice, Cecil," answered his companion, as he took his cigar from his mouth, while a long wreath of smoke floated upward from his lips: "Florence Dinsmore is pure and true, and a perfect lady. She has never tried to win me by any art of hers. There is no bait or trap in the question. And as for me, I am proud to confess that it is the love of my life.

"Bah! you are getting heated, Earle. Pray he is in love. I had hoped, however, that you were too old to make a fool of yourself. But hardly think it will last," and the speaker tilted back in his chair and again resumed his half-burned cigar.

A flush mantled the cheek of Earle Trevor. "You are an incorrigible cynic, Cecil," he said, "and it will take one of the fair sex to convert you. The time may come when you will regard matrimony in a different light from what you now do."

"Whew! a Daniel come to judgment. But don't flatter yourself, old boy. I fancy I have seen enough of the tender passion not to this late hour. By the way, Earle, have you en the last arrival?"

"No; who is it? It's nobody that I know, "I am not so sure of that," replied Cecil.

'If I am not mistaken she is an old friend of yours. I recollect well the glowing letters you wrote me at the time. You were staying in some out-of-the-way old place, and this charming Dian crossed your path. Whether seized the oars and sprung within. But before you left her as you found her is not in my knowledge." "Can't you let the past be bygones, Cecil?"

cried Earle, with a clouded brow. "Stop your trifling now, and tell me who it is." "Of course you can have no idea, there are so many of them in that forbidden past. And

you could not have seen her arrive, for you were playing the sweet to that fiancee of She is a stunner, I tell you, one of yours. your tall, stately ones. Florence Dinsmore is a wax doll compared with her. She must have changed greatly since you knew her. Why I should as soon think of playing with a panther as making love to such a woman."

"Oh, you are waiting for her name! Well, it is Ardelle Grahame.

Earle Trevor's dark face paled, and there was a perceptible quiver in his voice as he exclaimed

"Ardelle Grahame! What is she here for? Are you sure it is her?" Quite sure. I saw her as she came in,

and read her name in the hotel register. Straightway I was reminded that the name was familiar, and then I recollected your letters. Hist! there she goes now, and Miss Dinsmore is with her. Do you not recognize her?" "By Jove! yes," responded Earle, as he

gazed down upon the croquet-ground, where a party of players were strolling. "She has changed as you say, but I should know her anywhere. I must warn Florence against her. I shall not like to have them associate. It seems like a ghost of the past to meet her

"You speak as if you hated her." "I do. Five years is not so short a time but what a revulsion of feeling may occur. It was only a flirtation on my part, though

and has become quite a star of society.

It was true. Five years before Ardelle Grahame had been a thoughtless, happy maid-Grahame had been a thoughtless, happy maiden, upon whom Earle Trevor had chanced to stumble in one of his rural visits among the green hills of Vermont. Poor, beautiful, and romantic, her fresh young heart was easily won by the careless, polished man of the world. It was "only a flirtation" to Earle Trevor, but to the unsophisticated girl the moonlight walks, the low whisperings of eternal love, were something more than amusements for an idle hour. But it had passed. What she had once deemed sacred memories to be cherished while life endured, and carried even beyond the grave, had turned to bitter ashes and consuming hate. She was a haughty, imperious woman now, a belle in society, and ready to return scorn for scorn with the blighter of her affections.

A WRONG CUSTOM CORRECTED.

It is quite generally the custom to take strong liver stimulants for the cure of liver complaint, and both the mineral and vegetable kingdoms have been diligently searched to produce the mineral and vegetable kingdoms have been diligently searched to produce a powerful effect upon the liver, and arouse the lagging and enfeebled organ. This system of treatment is on the same principle as that of giving a weak and debilitated man large portions of brandy to enable him to do a certain amount of work. When the stimulant is withheld, the organ, like the system, gradually relapses into a more torpid or sluggish and weakened condition than before. When the simulant is withheld, the organ, like the system, gradually relapses into a more torpid or sluggish and weakened condition than before. When the stimulant is withheld, the organ, like the system, gradually relapses into a more torpid or sluggish and weakened condition than before. When the stimulant is withheld, the organ, like the system, gradually relapses into a more torpid or sluggish and weakened condition than before. When the stimulant is witheld the organ, like the system, gradually relapses into a more torpid or suggish and weakened condition than before. When the stimulant is wit blighter of her affections.

Her appearance at Beach Cliff Hotel was peculiarly distasteful to Earle Trevor. To do him justice his whole heart's love had been given to Miss Dinsmore, and to behold this perpetual reminder of his days of folly was unpleasant and irritating. Besides, in spite of all his remonstrances, Florence's intimacy with the offending beauty daily increased, and he had but few opportunities of seeing her

The days and weeks went by. Ardelle Grahame and Florence Dinsmore became like sisters and were seldom separated. They read together, rode together, attended parties to gether, and went boating together. Indeed there seemed something remarkable in the strength of the friendship which seemed to ex ist between the fair girl and her more strongminded companion. Earle Trevor could not conceal his anxiety. He was therefore highly pleased when one morning Florence told him that Miss Grahame was to depart for the city

the next day.
"And, oh, Earle, I am so sorry," she went on, her dark eyes swimming in tears. "I shall be very lonesome when she is gone. But I forgot, you do not like her."

'No, Florence, I dislike her very much She is a strange girl—one whom I should be loath to be your friend," and he smiled gravely down at the bright, eager face raised to

"She is strange," said Florence, placing her hand confidentially upon his shoulder. "And she talks so strangely about you at times. She says that you are her enemy and that sh hates you. Once she said that it would be better for me to die than ever to marry you. It frightened me to hear her talk so. could she mean, Earle?" He looked at her keenly, biting his blanched

lips.
"I cannot imagine, darling. She may have become embittered in consequence of some disappointment she has received. But I shall not allow her to talk so to my little flower. am glad, Florence, that she is going away,

"We are going to take our last sail together this morning, and then I am going to help her pack, as she is to start in the first train. Ah there comes Ardelle now. Good-by!

She flung a kiss at him and darted away, while Earle Trevor stood gazing after her. How beautiful she looked to him as she stood there on the beach, with the sunshine rippling on the graceful folds of her jaunty dress, her golden hair blowing out on the warm breeze! It was a picture he remembered well in after

He saw them sail away and anticipated no danger. Why should he? The waters were calm and bright, and Miss Grahame was a capital oarsman, and had been known to venture out at sea in her frail boat, even in the midst of storms. So through the long, bright And day he waited for his loved one.

But when evening came and the wanderers had not returned Earle Trevor grew worried and anxious. To make matters worse black restrain your enthusiasm. But I shall make clouds were thronging from the west with due allowances, for a man is not himself when every indication of a storm. He went out and paced wildly to and fro upon the sands, peering anxiously at the dark sea and black

A great horror came upon him. Would Florence never come? Would the storm overtake them and keep his loved one from his sight forever?

He shuddered with deadly anguish at the thought, and the first prayer he had uttered for many a long year arose from his heart. "God help her! God help her and bring

her safe to me!" The storm came on. Flashes of lurid lightning shot from the ebon clouds above him, and the savage roar of thunder shook the be taken in by any of the fair frail ones at earth. Driven into tumult by the fury of the storm the white-crested waves foamed and dashed against the beach where he stood as if

to mock his grief. Many anxious groups gathered in the hotel parlors, and fires were built upon the beach which blazed up despite the flood of water flashing their spectral light far out on the mad billows. There was a call for a boat, he stirred from the shore Cecil Hamilton in-

terrupted him. "Earle Trevor, are you mad? Your boat would crack like an eggshell in yonder foaming waters. Besides there is no need. God help you to bear up, but Florence-"

" Is dead." Staring blankly into his friend's face he read in those pitying eyes the truth, and with a deep groan fell senseless upon the sand.

Two forms had been drawn out on the beach, clasped in each other's arms, one slight and graceful, with a look of horror and anguish upon the cold, dead face—the other tall and stately, the stern features full of joy and triumph. Beautiful even in death Ardelle Grahame lay with her rival clasped to her bosom, her dark hair mingled with the fair locks of the murdered victim.

Yes, murdered! For Earle Trevor learned the terrible truth after he had regained his senses. As he entered the hotel a servant handed him a sealed envelope, saying that Miss Grahame left it for him. He broke the

seal and read:

"Earle Trevor, I hate you with the hate of a scorned woman. For five long years I have had but one thought—revenge. Now I strike the blow. You love Florence Dinsmore. To-day she dies. It is pitiful to sacrifice her for that for which she is not to blame, but thus I can more effectually gain my revenge. And besides, after all, it is better for her to die young and innocent as she is than to learn the bitter lesson I have learned. Proud man, you little thought that the poor girl whose love you won to scorn would one day reap a hearty vengeance. You did not dream that a woman could hate as she had loved, with her whole life, her soul. You feel it now, and I exult in the misery you will know, in the life of horror you will lead. For before high Heaven you are her murderer. I am but the servant of destiny.

The blow was terrible, but if his punish-

The blow was terrible, but if his punishment was severe his sin had been great. He she was as lovely a flower as one could wish and thought lightly of blighting the trust and to meet. But the simple thing thought I was destroying the faith of a woman's heart, and

in deadly earnest, and took it greatly to heart | this was the retribution. He never forgot the as I afterward learned. I thought she was dead, but it seems she lived over her troubles Trevor has never since been seen to smile.

#### A WRONG CUSTOM CORRECTED.

A CURE OF LIVER DISEASE. A CURE OF LIVER DISEASE.

RUSK, Texas, May 10th, 1873.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—My wife last year at this time was confined to her bed with Chronic Liver Disease. I had one of the best doctors to see her, and he gave her upto die, when I came upon some of your medicine. I bought one bottle and commenced giving it. She then weighed & Ibs.; now she weighs 140 lbs., and is robust and hearty. She has taken eight bottles in all, so you see I am an advocate for your Medicines.

WILLIAM MEAZEL.

FROM THE NOTED SCOUNT. BUREAULO.

FROM THE NOTED SCOUT, "BUFFALO BILL." HOLLAND HOUSE, Rockford, Ill., April 20, 1874.—
Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: Sir—I have now taken four bottles of your Golden Medical Discovery in connection with your Pellets, and must say that nothing I have ever taken for my liver has done me as much good. I f-el like a new man. Thanks to your wonderful medicine

WM. F. CODY, ("Buffalo Bill.")

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#### THE WOLF AND THE LAMB. (In New Clothing.)

BY JOE JOT, JR.

A wolf somewhat stuck up and proud,
As wolves sometimes will be,
Went down to extinguish his thirst in a little
babbling brook'
That meandered on the lea.

Water is better far to drink Than lager bier," said he; Only the night before the aforesaid wolf Had been out upon a spree.

He'd hardly drank a barrelful
When what should this wolf see
But the clear, limpid stream turn into hy
drant water,
And thought, "How can this be?"

But when he came to look up-stream, As plain as plain could be He saw a little bit of a useless lambkin In the water to his knee.

"May it please your royal in-Significance," said he, "To remove your feet out of the water which I have to drink, And straightway turn and flee."

"Keep your mouth shut, you old humbug,"
The small sheep answered free,
"And don't interfere with other people's busi-Or it may be bad for thee."

"I'll only shut my mouth when you
Between my teeth shall be,
And with one easy lesson I'll instruct you in
Lamblike gentility."
The little muttonkin said "Bosh! You do not frighten me;"
And that wolf proceeded to go for to slap his
muttonchops
Quicker'n one could see.

MORAL:
The moral of these tails is plain
To either he or she,
If any gentleman or lam's muddies the creek
from which you are lapping
You'd better let them be.

#### LEAVES

# From an Actor's Life;

Recollections of Plays and Players.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN.

XII.—Ophelia Pelby-Mrs. Pelby's Wax Statuary—The Last Supper—The Proposed Voyage to England—Shipwreck—Mrs. Pel-Last Appearance-Lady Macbeth-Yankee Stars—Dan Marble—Sam Patch, the Jumper-Marble Appears as Damon-A Ludicrous End to a Serious Play.

THOUGH Mr. William Pelby did not possess his father's talent, it was transmitted largely to his daughter, whom he had named Ophelia after Shakspeare's heroine.

At the time I remember her she was known as Mrs. Anderson, having married a gentleman of that name, and was using it in her professional capacity, though many actresses retain their maiden names upon the play bills, after marriage.

She was handsome, accomplished and grad ful, and excelled in such characters as Juliet, Ophelia, Julia, in "The Hunchback," Cordelia, in "King Lear," and Mariana, in "The Wife."
She was a great favorite with the theatergoers, and maintained this good estimation for

Mrs. Pelby was a very talented woman, not only as an actress but as an artist in wax-work. She constructed many groups of statuary, life-size, principally Scriptural subjects which gave her fame as well as profit. Her master-piece was "The Last Supper," in which the Savior and his disciples were formed in wax with lifelike fidelity.

For several years after her husband's death she exhibited this group and finally sold it for a large sum—I have heard it stated as five

She made this sale in order to secure the necessary funds for her daughter, Mrs. Anderson—"the fair Ophelia"—to appear in London. She expected that she would meet with a flattering success there, and undoubtedly she would have done so, had the Fates been propitious; but disaster befell them.

The vessel in which they embarked for England, a new bark, called the Anglo-Saxon was met by a gale and driven ashore on Cape Ann's rocky coast, and though they, with the other passengers and crew, escaped a watery ive wardrobe, prepared expressly for her English engagements, was lost.

This misfortune compelled them to return to Boston and abandon their proposed trip to

Finding that the theater did not yield her profit she rented it to Bird, Wright and Fenno Bird was a dealer in second-hand goods, and found the money. Wright had been the stage manager, and Fenno the treasurer of the thea nder Mrs. Pelby; and she was surprised and mortified to find that it paid under their management. She could not understand why or how they could make money for themselves when they could not make it for her.

I do not know why it should have puzzled her, though, for people always work more for their own interests than anybody else's.

Mrs. Pelby made her last appearance on the stage as Lady Macheth for the benefit of J J Prior, then a young actor of promise, now "food 'Since I began writing these sketch es his death has been chronicled in the daily He died in his dressing-room in a Western theater, of heart disease, "with harness on his back." He was a member of a company supporting Lotta, that peculiar star-actres m John Brougham has very aptly and wittily described as a "dramatic cocktail

nong the celebrities who appeared at the old National under Mr. Pelby's management introduced a new style of acting, and a new kind of play, and was very successful. He appeared as Sam Patch, the great jumper, and ok a leap of forty feet from the flies—the canvas hangings above the scenes-to the stage, disappearing through a trap masked in by painted water.

This play was founded upon the exploits of the veritable Sam Patch, who made a fame as a jumper, but jumped once too often down

lost his life by his foolhardiness This play was written by a Mr. E. H. Thomp-Buffalo, and it proved very attractive. When there is a good chance for a man to break his neck, or some other less valuable limb, people like to have a chance to see it. It is almost as good a treat as going to a menagerie to see the lion-tamer put his head in the beast's mouth, with pleasing anticipations

of seeing it bitten off. I never saw Sam Patch played, and I was never called upon to play in it; whether I have been deprived of a pleasure, or escaped an infliction, I cannot state

However, as Wallace Thaxter, the dramatic critic of the Saturday Evening Gazette (a five years now in the gable pointed house, and rabee.

Dan Marble made money; and that is about the sum total of every man's exertions, on or

He had two competitors in his peculiar line, however, Yankee Hill and Yankee Silsbee. At this time the nasal twang, the bell-crown hat, the long-tailed coat, the short waistcoat, and the striped pants, with long straps, took possession of the stage and flourished like a

green bay-tree.

The personaters of Yankees, or Down-Easters, grew and multiplied, until, like the Kil-kenny cats, they devoured each other. The first Yankee comedian, so called, was, I

think, a Mr. G. H. Hill. I saw him, and Iwell, I will not speak of him now; he has been dead these many years.

"Green be the turf above thee!" as Fitz Green Halleck sung over his lamented

friend, Drake.
Then came Yankee Marble, then Yankee Silsbee, Yankee Hackett—better known as the representative of Falstaff—Yankee Adams, Yankee Locke, Yankee Robinson, Yankee Miller, and McVicker, the Chicago manager, Yanked it for a time with Dan Marble's plays, which he purchased from his widow after Mar-ble's death. Marble died young; not forty years of age, with cholera, in Louisville, Ken-

Dan Marble was irresistibly droll in his Yankee stories, possessing a quaint and original humor, but, like other funny men, he believed at first that he was fitted to be a trage-

At the American Theater, New Orleans, he essayed the character of Damon, in the last act of the play of "Damon and Pythias." He thought he could enact this character equal to Forrest, and he tried strenuously to impress this belief upon the minds of the large audience who had assembled to witness his effort. It was his benefit night, and, after appearing in several of his Yankee specialties, he gave them Damon, in the last act, as a finish, and

t proved the funniest part of the programme In the last scene when Pythias stands before the block and ax, and the supers, as citizens of Syracuse, are shouting without, and the doomed man, with his "fair Calanthe" clinging to his breast, begins to feel a thrill of hope, and the approach of Damon is thus heralded, the audience being worked up to the proper pitch of excitement for Damon's appearance, Dan Marble dashed on with Forrestian energy. He had bespattered his face and daubed his

dress with mud, to highten the effect, and looked as if he had been dragged through a mud-hole. "Damon!" exclaims the tyrant, Dionysius.

Dan made a dash for the platform containing the block and ax, and landed upon it with

I am here, standing on my throne!" he yelled. At this thrilling moment his fleshings broke from their fastenings and slid down, revealing Dan's bare and attenuated calves, and the noble Damon was obliged to squat down in a sudden and very undignified manner to hide his legs, while the prompter, equal to the emergence rung down the curtain, which descended

amidst the most uproarious peals of laughter that ever rung within the walls of a theater. That was Dan Marble's last appearance as

# A Rogue's Game.

BY CORA CHESTER.

IT was a cunning little house, with odd pointed gables, and numerous bay-windows peeping out from its every angle upon the sloping lawn below, and stood back in its modest way from the more pretentious buildings adorning the principal village street.

Perched in one of its comfortable recesses sat Ritta Lee, the heavy curtains closing about her and throwing a crimson light on glossy hair, rounded cheeks and bewitching dimples. The gray eyes had a troubled, anxious look in their depths that belied the soft lines about the pretty mouth, for Ritta was not dreaming over a dead past, nor yet picturing an Area-dian future; the troublesome, perplexing present engrossed her tired brain and drove piness from her thoughts as though it had ne ver been a welcome visitor in her past life; a guest Ritta had once thought she could never live without.

Crushed in one hand was a letter she had but a few moments before eagerly seized from the postman's hand, and these were the words that had chased all thoughts of wealth and a settled future from her mind:

"DEAR MADAM:—I write to announce to you the arrival of Gerald Lee, Esq., at my office Saturday morning. He was not lost at sea five years ago are ported, but has returned, after a lingering illness sourse will render your claim to your late uncle' property null and void, and believe me I deeply sympathize with you in your disappointment. It your changed fortunes I am yours, as ever to com

ROBERT STANTON,
"Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Demolished forever the airy castles Ritta had been building since her uncle's death; lost to her the joy of being courted and sought after as the heiress of the great Lee estate. If it had not been so publicly announced, she could have borne it better, she declared to herself with fresh sobs, but to be stripped of all these honors in a single day was cruelworse than anything she had ever dreamed could have happened to her!

You see she was no story-book heroine. ready to battle with poverty single-handed, but only a commonplace, silly girl, overrating perhaps, as women will, the value of fine lothes and summer friends.

But, to do Ritta justice, her grief was not altegether selfish. In her generous heart arose a great sorrow for her invalid mother and young sister left with her in comparative he added: poverty. With swimming eyes she reread the letter, then resolutely placed it in her

pocket and dried her tears. "They shall not know of it to-night. It will come soon enough to poor mother, and see Falls, at Rochester, N. Y., and dear old Sue shall have one more gay evening at least. I wonder what Hugh will say?" with suddenly paling cheeks. "How foolish I am to dream that it could make any difference with him!

The light of a new joy beamed in the gold!

"This will prove to mother and the rest that gold in these enlightened days," said her cousit is Ritta Lee, and not Ritta Lee's money, Hugh Desborough loves.'

Poor child! she had yet to learn that her poor little self, stripped of her wealth, would be of little consequence to the dear five hundred who now fawned around the heiress of

Ritta, with her mother and Sue, had lived great theatrical paper in Boston, in its day) happy indeed had these three been together. | Can we all come to the wedding?"

used to say, when he could not praise and did not wish to condemn, it "answered the purpose."

With fawning sycophants, empty-headed fops and admiring friends surrounding her, it was no wonder that pretty Ritta Lee's head had been half turned by her suddenly-acquired af-

Like a sensible girl Ritta walked quietly into her mother's sick-room, shook up the pillows, pulled down the shades, and aided her mother to rise, as if nothing had happened.

"Mamma, dear, will I light the lamp?" then with a forced little laugh: "You know

the old gentleman himself perambulates the earth to-night, and I shall make it unusually brilliant here in order to frighten away his

Satanic majesty.' A ghost of a smile illumined her mother's

pale face. "Are you worse to-night, mother? I guess I'll give up the party to-night, and Sue can go without me just as well.'

Resolutely ignoring the fact that this party had seemed to her the *ultimatum* of all things ever since she had heard of Hugh Desborough's return from Europe and expected attendance there that evening.

He had sent her only a few written words

since his arrival, and how Ritta longed for just one glimpse of his handsome face, to see that he had not changed in spite of his foreign travels and two years abroad! He would ever seem the same bright, hand-

some Hugh to her, her beau ideal of a noble, disinterested lover.

Her mother's voice wakened her from her

"No. Ritta, mother couldn't allow you to sacrifice yourself in that manner. Run up and dress, and Rosetta will read to me till you and Sue come home.

Inclination said yes, and Ritta listened, as almost any girl of eighteen would, and ran up-stairs with flushed cheeks and beating heart to the room she and Sue shared together. Only as Rosetta was dressing her hair, and she caught the light of a diamond dagger, dexterously holding up the loose coil on her neck, did the memory of that terrible letter rise to haunt

her with its promise of trouble for the future. Who was this unknown cousin that he should arise from the grave and rob her of all that made life dear to her? Why could he not have died in India? She wished—then she suddered at her own wickedness and tried to

chase the wicked thought away. Rosetta completed her toilet; she ran out to her nest of a carriage, and at last she and Sue stood together in Mrs. Larrabee's lighted parlors. Some one drew her hand within his arm,

and a well-known voice whispered: "Will you welcome me back for old times sake, Ritta?"

'For your own sake, Mr. Desborough," with a very perceptible tremor in her voice, and suddenly flushing face. It was cruel of him to take her at such a disadvantage, she declared, half-angrily to herself, as he drew her out of the crowded parlors into a quiet alcove.

"Kind Mrs. Larrabee evidently remember-ed her own young days when she arranged this romantic nook," said Hugh, refusing to reease Ritta's hand, which he still held firmly within his own. "Ritta, in spite of the nov elty and excitement of the past two years I have longed for this moment with a longing unutterable. Now that I have you here close beside me I verily believe you are longing to run away.'

He glanced down, with a teasing, half-quizzical smile, at the drooping face of his com-

Well the end of all this sentimental skirmishing was that Hugh Desborough then and there formally made an offer of his heart and hand to Ritta Lee, the reputed heiress of half the real estate in W-

"But, Hugh," stammered Ritta, with a strange hesitancy to test her jewel—she would soon prove whether it were paste or not—"read this, and then take back what you have said

She tried to control her voice and speak

Hugh bit his lip and a sudden pallor passed ver his face as he read the letter. He was Hugh, ill and almost as pale as herself about to turn and speak when Mrs. Larrabee entered with a tall blonde man of thirty or pretty home. thereabouts.

"Ritta, we have been looking everywhere for you. The games have commenced, and here is a cousin of yours come across the seas to claim your relationship, I believe. Miss Ritta, Mr. Gerald Lee."

Mr. Gerald Lee, bronzed with travel and decidedly distinguished-looking, bowed low over Ritta's cold hand and gave her an indescribably curious glance from two dark, magnetic She shivered and drew involuntarily

closer to Hugh. "Mr. Desborough must not monopolize Miss Lee. Such a charming young lady as your-self should be generous in bestowing her at-We have never met before; all my tentions. father's relatives are unknown to me, but I already love them for that dear father's sake.' With a rather exaggerated show of emotion

he wiped both eyes with a deep-bordered handkerchief he carried. Mrs. Larrabee had taken Mr. Desborough's arm, and, in spite of the repulsion she felt for this newly-acquired cousin, Ritta could not re-

fuse his escort into the parlors.

'Cousin Ritta," whispered her companion, "I do not want you to hate me because I have robbed you of your fortune. You were born to wealth, Ritta, with your grace and beauty. Our acquaintance is short, I am a commonplace man, but money you know covereth a multitude of sins, and our interests should be one. Do not divulge the secret of your loss of fortune at present and perhaps you and I will share it together in the future Her puzzled face showed that she only half-

understood his meaning. Share it with me, Ritta; be my wife. will call and see your mother to morrow."

All this he whispered with the same strange

light in his eyes, and an increasing familiarity in his manner. Then, marking her frightened manner and beseeching look toward Hugh,

"Does your lover know of your changed fortunes? He will never marry you now, a oor, penniless girl. Well," with a sort of patronizing kindness, "I have robbed you of wealth, but have saved you from a worse fate!" "He does know of my changed fortunes,

gasped Ritta, "and, Mr. Lee, you have no right to take advantage of our relationship to address me as you have. I may never marry, I certainly would die before I sold myself for "Many willing victims sell themselves for

in, with a significant lifting of the eyekrows in Desborough's direction. "You will marry, Ritta Lee, and marry me." Just then a merry girl passed a golden cake in their direction, and, as Ritta took a piece,

something round and bright rolled from it and fell at Mr. Gerald Lee's feet. "Ritta has it!" screamed little Rose Lar-"Ritta has got the ring! Hurrah

Then there was much laughing and joking at Ritta's expense, and Gerald Lee gallantly bent and placed the golden fetter upon Ritta's third finger. The young people, as the mystic hour of twelve arrived, led the way into the large, old-fashioned kitchen, and then commenced numerous mysterious tricks, a duck ing for apples and a wild race around the street-corner with mouths full of of water, where numerous names of their several beaux greeted the ears of the delighted girls.

Sue came in, pale and breathless, from an apper room where she had been paring an apole before a mirror, and where she distinctly leclared she had seen a man's face peeping in-

to the glass over her shoulder.
"Your husband, Sue. You'll be married before the year's out!" cried the girls. "What did he look like? Did you ever see him be-fore?' and a number of like questions assailed her ears.

Sue blushed a rosy red, and refused to answer, while Dr. Gresham, silent and rather grave, stood by her side and smiled in a quiet sort of way. He said nothing of the practical oke that no one of that noisy group would dream him guilty of perpetrating. Years afterward he confessed to Sue the first ruse he

nad seen nothing. On the side-table the girls had placed three saucers containing, respectively, earth, water, and a ring, and each one advanced blindfolded and touched one or another of the mysterious symbols. Ritta turned pale as Hugh felt uncertainly of the saucer containng the ring, and passing on, placed his fingers the earth.

Hugh laughed, but Ritta shuddered and ressed a little closer to him as he came and

stood beside her. "No fear, little one, of losing me—not at least until I have worked and left you a rich widow. Remember, darling, you are my promised bride, and must see no other face than mine to-night."

Ritta must go first to the lake. Are you afraid, Ritta?" questioned a dozen gay voices.
"Afraid?" laughed Ritta. "How absurd, girls! Where are my wraps?"

"Can I go with her?" asked Hugh, anxiously.
"Go with her? No, foolish youth, you'd break the charm," declared Mrs. Larrabee. She must go alone, and as she unwinds this thread, must whisper to herself, three times:

'Oh, spirits bright, that rule the night, Turn thine eyes apon my love, Bring him to me, this night to see, To gaze so tenderly from above.'

Then she will see her future husband's face in the water.

Ritta allowed herself to be persuaded, and started down the lonely road, the more readily as Gerald Lee, the man she already hated, had left the party some time before the company had adjourned to the kitchen.

As she groped along in the semi-darkness, her fingers trembled as she unwound the thread, but she repeated the magic rhyme over and over again, and kept steadily on toward the lake shore.

On she walked till she reached the lake; suddealy she stumbled against some object on the shore, and stopped short. The moon came sailing out from behind a

cloud just then, and with a sudden, startled cry of horror, Ritta bent over the lake. There, on the sand, face downward, lay the body of a man, and, looking in the moonlit water, Ritta saw reflected the ghastly features

of Hugh Desborough.

As she touched him she saw that her hand was bathed in blood.

The place rung with her screams; she turned the loved face over and covered it with her There, a few moments later, she was found, half crazed with grief, and calling upon Hugh,

by every endearing name, to awake and an-It was many a weary day before Ritta arose from a sick bed, and walked with Hugh-poor down the velvety lawn in front of her old,

Yes, it was Ritta's home still, shared now with Hugh; and this is how it all came about: Fearing for Ritta's safety that night, Hugh had stolen away from the gay company and taken a short cut to the lake. He half con-

cealed himself behind a boat and waited for Ritta to appear. Soon he heard voices, loud and angry, ap proaching, and, advancing toward him, followd in a threatening way by a ruffianly-looking fellow, came Gerald Lee

I tell you, Smith, this thing must be stopped. I've the devil of a temper, and I warn you not to goad me too far!' "It's only me share of the swag I'm want

ing, me fine gentleman. Give me half, and I won't peach. "Half! Idiot! of what are you thinking? take all the risks and mean to pocket the then, in a more conciliatory voice, as he noted the angry scowl deepening on his companion's face, 'but I'll do the fair thing by you, Smith. How would—well, say five

thousand, do? That would set you up nicely in some business. "Grand setting up! And you come nicely into half a million! Guess you don't come it on this cove. I'll peach and go over on the

"Well, tell your lies then, and Gerald Lee. Esq., rich and respected, will snap his fingers your face and dare you to do your worst Dare me, do you, Mr. Gerald Lee?" v with mocking emphasis on the name.

I'll ruin ye. I'li tell the whole devilish plothow you, a poor, low-born valet, robbed your lying master of his papers, and your for and name be'n't your own, and your mother

If those words should be heard we're both un-He stood quite near to Hugh, who was lying flat on his back in the shadow of the boat, and Smith, in his half-drunken rage, came forward and struck his comrade full in the face. accepted the challenge, closed with his antagonist, and they both fell over Hugh's prostrate

'Hold your lying tongue, you black villain!

Lee recognized Desborough's face, and then ensued a struggle for life. Hugh was young and strong, but no match you s for two desperate villains. They left him for upon?

dead on the sands, and ran, just as Ritta's ight steps were heard coming toward them. onating Gerald Lee, but only Smith, wounded | beatin' tan bark. and bleeding, was found in a neighboring farm- the fire warmed up his prison, the bark began house. His more guilty comrade escaped, and to warp open, and let up on the prisoner.

with baby laughter and children's voices, and into a puddle of water, where he got his an-Ritta is still the envied, beautiful heiress of the Lee estate; but she is sure of one thing, she humph! talk about your prairie stocks now. declares, and that is that her husband never married her for money.

### In the Stocks.

#### A CAMP-FIRE YARN.

"Speakin' of the prairie stocks bein' an awful fate, reminds me that it's nothin' compared with what my grandfather got into once," said old Pete Losh, the trapper, as he dropped a red coal from the palm of his horny hand into his pipe. "It war away back in Ohio, in the days of Ingins and blood, that my grandsire, then a chunk of a boy of twenty, lived with his parents on Jonathan's creek. The Loshs had settled there along with two or three other families in a little clearin' in the almighty woods. The Ingins war not the quietest neighbors on yearth; howsomever, they contented themselves by stealin' sich things as they wanted, from time to time. But, finally, they stole the old family hoss, Baltimore, that had been in the Losh family for ages, and you may bet the blood of the family began to bile and blubber. My ole granddad took his musket and struck out, and finally run across a savage Ritta's turn came, but she returned to the kitchen with unruffled brow, and declared she had seen nothing. On the side table the

parent. "The ole codger dodged 'em for some time, but at last he fell into their clutches. It war along in June when the sap war up in the trees, that the pioneers used to cut down big chestnut trees and chop off 'cuts,' say from five to ten feet long. These 'cuts' they would split in two, then by poundin' the bark a little it would peel off whole and sound, and then thar'd be the slickest trough in the world. All you'd have to do would be to board up the ends and see that it dried out just right.

"Wal, one awful hot day my ancient grandfather went out to make troughs in the woods. He war all alone, and war eternally tryin' to do somethin', or tell a bigger story than any-body else, and so he thought he'd have the biggest trough on Jonathan's creek. Tharfore he cut down the all-sockinist big tree he could find. He cut off a length about fifteen feet long, and this he split in two. Then he pounded the bark a little when it peeled off like a rabbit-skin, and then there war two of the biggest troughs in that howlin' wilderness, sure

"The old man just danced, and sung, and whistled with joy till he war teetotally out of breath, and so he set down in one of his troughs to brace up his wind. It war kind o' cool and moist in the slippery shell, as sich things alers are, and it felt so good and nice that he conc ed to lay down and rest easier; and dogged if he didn't do it, and there fell sound asleep. Then the sun shifted in the heavens and got where it b'iled down upon him hot as a furnace, and

what do you think the consequence war? "Got his face blistered, I presume," replied companion.

Nary blister! The sun just warped that bark till it curled up, completely shut around him. He war wakened by the awful squeezin' of the sides upon him, and with a yoop and a kick he tried to free hisself. But great mortality! He could no more git away from the clutch of that sun-warped bark than you could from the hug of a grizzly b'ar. The sun had also cooked the sap of the bark into a sticky glue, and this stuck to the old man's clothes like death, and helped to hold him right thar. It war so tight around the old soul that he war squeezed, out, he said, nighly ten feet long. The edges of the bark had warped together and passed. They war drawin' tighter and tighter every minute, and little by little he could feel the life goin' outen him. Talk about yer prairie stocks—a hole in the ground into which an enemy chucks a feller and beats the dirt down around him! It's nowhar with my antecedent's predicament. The old feller held on to the chaw of tobacker in his mouth, and chawed and hollered for dear life. He could see out at the upper end of the stock, and to realize his situation, imagine yourself fast in a holler log and then you'll have it.

After hollerin' an hour or two a step w heard outside, and what should appear at the openin' but the sweet-scented face of a Shaw-

"'Hoop-la-loo!' sung out the bloody varmint, in triumph, for he knowed who was caged in the holler shell; but my venerable predecessor just threw his head back as fur as he could and sent the all-firedest torrent of tobacker juice into his face and eyes that ever poured from human lips. I guess the Ingin thought it war the squirt of a geyser spring, for the old man said he never heard sich yoopin' and howlin' as he accomplished.

"Wal, a dozen other Ingins soon come up, and after they'd taken a peep at the 'coony up the gum-stump' they began torturin' th old martyr in every way they could think of. They'd end his stock fust one way, then another, so you see his heels war up sometimes, and sometimes they wer'n't. Then they all got to poundin' on the bark and the old pioneer said he never heard sich a rempus since the split up at Babel. Then they bored holes in the shell with the p'int of their knives and pricked him, and when he'd holler, they'd laff to kill.

'Wal, the red vampires soon got tired of this and sot down to concoct some rushin' old death for the killer of their hoss-thief friend. It seemed as though they couldn't think of anything gory enough, and I guess they finally oncluded to go and consult with the devil, for they picked up the prison-cage, and put it on their shoulders, and moseyed off through the woods with my forefather boxed in it tighter than ever the tree itself was.

"They journeyed on till nightfall, when they halted and laid their burden on the ground; then they gathered armload after armload of dry brush and wood and heaped them on the prison-house of my grandsire, and stuck fire into it Then it war that the venerable Adam Losh see'd that he war to be baked alive, and it wa'n't long neither till he felt the heat through the bark; and sich yells as gushed from his lipst they'd 'a' made a dead man weep. the fire got hotter and hotter, and at last my distant relative's cries became hushed. The fire burned hotter, the bark war eaten through and devoured, and in half an hour nothin' but a heap of red coals remained. But, what do you suppose them bloody devils now looked

The charred remains of your antecedent,' "Nary ante-remains. The ole soul war miles from thar, hoofin' it home like Satan You see the very minute no news of her absent "cousin" ever reached as it war opened fur enough he crept along the holler to the opposite end, out of which The old, gable pointed house resounds now crawled and rolled down a steep embankment cient system handsomely cooled

And old Pete sunk back into a position of

ease and repose.